The Marian Conspiracy, by Jacqueline Rayner

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[Part One]

(A woman of mature years is lecturing. Regular beeping sound in the background.)
EVELYN: Considering her childhood, it's astounding that Elizabeth the First became the greatest female ruler of modern times. Declared a bastard at the age of two, as her mother was executed for alleged adultery, and subjected to numerous humiliations in the years before she became Queen, including being imprisoned by her sister Mary the First, she. Would whoever is making that ridiculous noise please stop it at once.
DOCTOR: Sorry. I'm afraid I can't switch it off.
EVELYN: Then would you kindly leave the lecture theatre. You're disturbing the other students.
DOCTOR: I can't really do that either, I'm afraid. The safety of the entire planet could be at stake.
(Laughter.)
EVELYN: Hmm. During her imprisonment, Elizabeth discovered who was truly loyal to her. John Whiteside-Smith, for example, one of her most trusted advisers, was appointed to her Council in gratitude for the service of his parents at that difficult time. And it was thanks to him that the Spanish Armada. I'm sorry, I'm not prepared to continue under these conditions. We'll have to make the time up on Friday. Thank you.
(Students leave.)
EVELYN: And you.
DOCTOR: Are you talking to me?
EVELYN: You're not one of my students, are you. What do you mean, disturbing my lecture like that?
DOCTOR: It's a bit hard to explain.
EVELYN: Try me. And come up here where I can see you properly.
(Beeping gets faster.)
DOCTOR: It's you!
EVELYN: Will you shut that thing up?
(Beeping nearly continuous.)
DOCTOR: Just a few more readings. Ah, you're the nexus point.
EVELYN: That's a new one on me.
DOCTOR: I wonder if you'd mind accompanying me to my ship for a few tests.
EVELYN: Huh. The students get warned about people like you on their first day. Student welcome pack, a pot noodle, hangover cure and attack alarm. Or are you from the Faculty? That's it. You want me to think I'm loopy so I'll retire and save you the bother of forcing me out. Well, I assure you that fifty five is far too young to retire, and I
DOCTOR: I am not a member of any Faculty, and I'm not trying to lure you away, but this *is* important. I've been tracking down a vital temporal nexus point in Earth's history, and you seem to be it. Or rather, you're connected to it in some way.
EVELYN: I assure you, my only connection to Earth's history is in the field of Tudor scholarship.
DOCTOR: Really? I could have sworn it was Tudor fiction.
EVELYN: I beg your pardon?
DOCTOR: Well, that lecture you were giving. All that Whiteside-Smith stuff. Utter nonsense. There was no such person.
EVELYN: There most certainly was. As a matter of fact, he happens to be an ancestor of mine, and the family records are quite clear on his role in history.
DOCTOR: And I happen to have been to the Court of Elizabeth the First, and there was no such. Ah!
EVELYN: What now?
DOCTOR: You're related to a supposedly important historical figure of whom I know nothing. Ah, it's the nexus point. It has to be. Now, I wonder if I could examine these family records, Mizz er, I'm sorry, I don't know your name.
EVELYN: Smythe. Evelyn. Doctor.
DOCTOR: So you know mine.
EVELYN: I'm sorry?
DOCTOR: You know my name. I'm the Doctor.
EVELYN: No, I'm the doctor. Well, *a* doctor.

DOCTOR: Ah! An academic doctor, of course. Well, wouldn't you say this was a rather academic problem? Conflicting sources, an eye-witness account that disagrees with your written records.
EVELYN: But the problem is truly academic, as one of those sources is quite obviously a madman. Elizabeth died in 1603, and you certainly don't look four hundred years old.
DOCTOR: Francis Drake used to say the same thing. May I be struck down with dysentery if you're a day over three hundred and fifty, Doctor, he once said. I was so overcome I let him beat me at bowls.
EVELYN: I'm leaving now. Goodbye.
DOCTOR: Don't be so narrow-minded. Look upon this as an intellectual challenge.
EVELYN: I'm going home. Goodbye.

(Evelyn sings along to the Blue Danube Waltz as she knits.)
EVELYN: Dah dah dah dah dah. Knit one, purl one. Dah dah dah dah dah, and two together. Dah dah dah dah dah
(Knocking on door.)
EVELYN: Damn. Hold on.
(Turns off music.)
EVELYN: You've made me drop a stitch.
DOCTOR [OC]: A stitch in time. (chuckles) That's what I have to talk to you about.
EVELYN: Oh, it's you. The lunatic. Please, leave me alone.
DOCTOR [OC]: If I have to shout at you through the door, I will, but I've already attracted several very strange looks.
EVELYN: That's hardly a surprise.
(Opens door.)
EVELYN: All right, you can come in. But not for long. I'm very busy.
DOCTOR: I thought you were knitting.
EVELYN: I'm very busy knitting a jumper for one of my students.
DOCTOR: Mmm, very nice.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: And he has one arm longer than the other, does he?
EVELYN: Have you come round for any particular purpose, or just to criticise?
DOCTOR: Well, I was rather hoping to see those records you mentioned. The accounts of John Whiteside-Smith?
EVELYN: And that's it? You'll look at the books and then go?
DOCTOR: Well, a cup of tea would be nice.
EVELYN: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, I'll look at the books and go.
EVELYN: Wait there. I'll find them.
DOCTOR: I'm amazed you can find anything in this mess.
EVELYN [OC]: I may be old, but I have exceptionally good hearing. And may I remind you that you are asking a favour of me, and so might want to keep on my good side, hmm?
DOCTOR: Sorry.
EVELYN [OC]: Everything has its place, nice and logical. None of your fancy filing cabinets.
(Telephone rings.)
EVELYN [OC]: Answer that, would you?
DOCTOR: I would if I could see it.
(Mutters while searching.)
DOCTOR: Ah! Doctor Evelyn Smythe's residence. No, I'm afraid she can't get to the phone just now. Could I take a message? Yes, I'll tell her. Thank you. Goodbye.
EVELYN [OC]: What was that about?
DOCTOR: Someone wanted to thank you for the chocolate cake.
EVELYN [OC]: I make excellent chocolate cakes. The trick is to use real melted chocolate in the mix.
DOCTOR: Sounds wonderful.
EVELYN [OC]: Oh, it is. I'll make you one, one day, if you're good.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
EVELYN [OC]: I find that cake is an excellent solution to so many of life's problems. That's what I tell my students. Which one was that on the phone, by the way?
DOCTOR: Johann?
EVELYN [OC]: Ah, Johann. Dear boy. Bound to get a First too, if he can just get over this unhappy love affair.
DOCTOR: Oh.

EVELYN [OC]: I always think mixing romance with study is a terrible mistake, don't you?
DOCTOR: Luckily I have never been tempted. I take it you haven't either.
EVELYN [OC]: Oh, I was lead astray once upon a time. The trouble was, my husband just could not understand that wedding anniversaries come round every year, but the Berne Conference on the Administration of the Privy Council is a once in a lifetime opportunity.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry? He left you because of that?
EVELYN [OC]: I left him because of that.
DOCTOR: I see.
EVELYN: Here you go. You'll find John in these.
DOCTOR: Well, could you possibly give me some page numbers, narrow it down a little?
EVELYN: He's in the index.
DOCTOR: No, he isn't. Nor in this one.
EVELYN: What? That's ridiculous. You can't be looking properly.
DOCTOR: See for yourself.
EVELYN: But I know these are the right books. This doesn't make sense.
DOCTOR: Why don't you tell me a bit about him yourself? He was an advisor to Queen Elizabeth, you say. Something about his parents?
EVELYN: They didn't make it to the history books. Not in any detail. His father was a learned man who was executed by Queen Mary. He'd been involved with a plot to put Elizabeth on the throne, it seems. And his mother was one of Elizabeth's household, I believe. John was the first distinguished member of the family.
DOCTOR: And your ancestor. Smith, Smythe?
EVELYN: Centuries of corruption. Spare me the obvious jokes.
DOCTOR: It hadn't begun to cross my mind.
EVELYN: We dropped the Whiteside somewhere along the way. One of my more humble forebears, I suppose. But then at some point one of them presumably decided Smith was too common. I'm not sure what makes people worry about things like that. Despite what Darwin says, I doubt we'll ever understand our ancestors.
DOCTOR: Good old Darwin. He had a terrible time of it. Always been meaning to pop back and give the chap a bit of moral support. I have a great respect for those who dare to go against the established beliefs of their day. Just stick to your guns, as I told Socrates, and everything will be all right. He didn't know what guns were, of course, but he got the general idea. Oh, many's the long hour I spent with the old chap.
EVELYN: No wonder he was so willing to drink the cup of hemlock.
DOCTOR: I shall ignore that remark. Anyway, at least I don't spend my time claiming descent from ancestors who don't exist.
EVELYN: I assure you, I've researched my family tree most meticulously.
DOCTOR: Really? Do you happen to have a record of it?
EVELYN: One of my lads put it onto the computer for me.
DOCTOR: Ah.
EVELYN: Different colours for different generations. Very clever stuff. There's a print-out in the other room. I'll fetch it.
EVELYN [OC]: Here we are. That's funny.
DOCTOR: What is it?
EVELYN: Half of it's blank. I don't understand.
DOCTOR: Hmm.
EVELYN: Oh, my goodness!
DOCTOR: What?
EVELYN: There. The type's just fading away.
DOCTOR: This is very serious. Don't you see what this means?
EVELYN: No. No, I don't.
DOCTOR: It's not just names on these pieces of paper that are disappearing, it's your history that's vanishing.
EVELYN: What?
DOCTOR: The nexus point. Something has happened to change the past. Something to do with your family. And as a consequence, your family is being erased from history. If I don't do something to stop it, you yourself will very soon cease to exist.
EVELYN: This is incredible.
DOCTOR: Have you been feeling ill at all recently? Say in the last couple of days?
EVELYN: Just a few headaches, and the doctor's prescribed something for them.

DOCTOR: Have you ever had headaches like these before?
EVELYN: Well
DOCTOR: You can tell me. I am a Doctor.
EVELYN: No. No, I haven't.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Doctor Smythe.
EVELYN: You might as well call me Evelyn, as you're going to save my life.
DOCTOR: I hope so, Evelyn.
EVELYN: What about you?
DOCTOR: What about me?
EVELYN: Well, I'm Doctor Evelyn Smythe, and you're Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes, that's right.
EVELYN: What?
DOCTOR: Just Doctor.
EVELYN: You must have a name.
DOCTOR: Sometimes it seems like I must. At those times I become yet another member of the great Smith clan. Doctor John Smith, in fact. But as I am going to save your life, you can call me the Doctor. And the sooner I get started, the better.
EVELYN: All right, Doctor. What are you going to do?
DOCTOR: Well, the best lead I have is this mysterious Whiteside-Smith, so I'm going to pop back to Elizabeth's court and find out what I can about him.
EVELYN: How?
DOCTOR: Well, when you have a time machine, anything's possible.
EVELYN: I see. Wait there.
DOCTOR: Oh, certainly. I mean, I've only got a world to save, but I'll just wait here.
EVELYN: Toothbrush, toothpaste, soap.
DOCTOR: And what exactly are you doing?
EVELYN: I'm packing.
DOCTOR: May I ask why?
EVELYN: If you think I'm going to sit around here waiting to fade away, you're very much mistaken. Could you pass me that tin of cocoa?
DOCTOR: Cocoa?
EVELYN: Just behind the bread board. That's it. Thank you. Chocolate wasn't introduced to England until the mid-seventeenth century, you know, and I have no intention of going without my daily ration.
DOCTOR: Oh, I see. And what makes you think I'll take you with me?
EVELYN: Doctor, I'm a historian. If you think I'll pass up a chance to meet the greatest female ruler of modern history
DOCTOR: Meaning Good Queen Bess?
EVELYN: Absolutely.
DOCTOR: Greatest female ruler of modern history, hmm?
EVELYN: I think so.
DOCTOR: Well, I'm sure she'd be flattered. You know, when I popped in to pick up my Coronation invite, just after her sister Mary died.
EVELYN: Huh. That weak-willed male dependent Rome apologist.
DOCTOR: I see you have strong views.
EVELYN: A lot of harm could have been avoided if Elizabeth had come to the throne a few years earlier, you know.
DOCTOR: Really. As I was saying, just before her Coronation, William Cecil said to me, Doctor
EVELYN: The thing is, Elizabeth didn't let personal views come in the way of ruling well. She didn't take a husband because she knew what trouble it would cause, no matter what her personal feelings might have been. The Virgin Queen, duty before men. That's how things should be.
DOCTOR: Well, William Cecil said
EVELYN: Mary, on the other hand, nearly plunged the country into war with her insistence on marrying this Spanish chap.
DOCTOR: But what
EVELYN: Elizabeth certainly didn't take to burning people at the stake just because they had slightly different religious views.
DOCTOR: Well, that's rather a simplistic view, if you don't mind me
EVELYN: I certainly do mind. I have studied this period in depth for over thirty years
DOCTOR: Well, I'm sure Elizabeth will be delighted to hear that you approve. You know, I'm rather looking forward to going to Court again. If I say so myself, I do look rather fetching in a ruff.

EVELYN: And this is your time machine, is it?
DOCTOR: My Tardis.
(Controls beep.)
DOCTOR: My home and heart.
EVELYN: I see.
DOCTOR: And what do you see, exactly?
EVELYN: Well
DOCTOR: It's dimensionally transcendental.
EVELYN: Oh, yes. So it is.
DOCTOR: That means it's bigger on the inside than the outside.
EVELYN: Very handy. But I thought there's be a few more, well, computer banks, or something. More technology.
DOCTOR: More technology? The Tardis is a miracle of temporal engineering.
EVELYN: All right, I believe you. I'm impressed.
DOCTOR: Oh.
EVELYN: So, how long will it take us to get to Elizabethan times, then?
(The Tardis materialises.)
EVELYN: Hours? Days? Weeks?
DOCTOR: Actually, we're just about there.
EVELYN: Ah! (reverberates.)
DOCTOR: What's the matter?
EVELYN: Er, nothing. It's all right. Just my headache, that's all.
DOCTOR: Oh, there's no just about your headache. Tell me about it.
EVELYN: It was a sudden stabbing pain.
DOCTOR: At the exact moment we materialised. Are you all right now?
EVELYN: Just a bit dizzy. (reverberates) Ah!
DOCTOR: Oh no!
EVELYN: What's happening to me?
DOCTOR: Don't panic. You're going to be all right. We've obviously landed very close to the nexus point, the point at which history is somehow altered. Now that's a good thing.
EVELYN: It is?
DOCTOR: That's a good thing because it means we're in the right place to do something about it. Except as your ancestors are somehow linked to it, its close proximity is having an adverse existential stabilisation effect on you.
EVELYN: Really? I'm glad it's nothing serious.
DOCTOR: It means that Time isn't entirely sure whether you're supposed to exist or not.
(Reverberating sound, coming and going and coming.)
DOCTOR: And it keeps changing its mind. One moment you're here, and the next you're not. The Tardis must be shielding you from the full effects, otherwise you may well have vanished completely by now.
EVELYN: So I can't leave the ship?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid you wouldn't last ten minutes out there.
EVELYN: So what do I do?
DOCTOR: Don't worry. I'll just knock up a portable semi-stasis field for you.
EVELYN: Oh, good.
DOCTOR: If you could just pass me that.
EVELYN: This?
DOCTOR: Yes, that.
(Disappears, clang. Reappears.)
DOCTOR: Perhaps I'd better fetch things myself.
EVELYN: Would you mind hurrying?
DOCTOR: I assure you I'm doing my best. Don't worry, I'll sort this out. Promise.
(Disappears, reappears.)
EVELYN: The last time I felt like this was the Yard of Ale race against the students at the History Soc Social.
DOCTOR: Really? Who won?
EVELYN: Oh, the yard of ale, definitely.
DOCTOR: There.
(Slightly high pitched whirring sound.)

EVELYN: Oh!
DOCTOR: Better?
EVELYN: Yes, my headache's gone. Thank you. I can leave the ship now?
DOCTOR: Theoretically, yes, as long as you keep this with you. It's only got a field of a few metres, I'm afraid. But I really think you should stay in the Tardis for the time being.
EVELYN: Not likely.
DOCTOR: If you just think about it logically for a moment. Elizabeth wasn't exactly a Republican, you know, for all the qualities you attribute to her. You're an unknown commoner. Let me go to Court first, prepare the ground.
EVELYN: Oh, I suppose that makes sense.
DOCTOR: Thank you. It does.
EVELYN: So I'll go and meet some other unknown commoners.
DOCTOR: You'll what?
EVELYN: I'm a historian. That's history out there. I'll go to some nice traditional ale house or something, once I find out what's out there.
DOCTOR: I can show you, without you having to leave the ship.
(Scanner activated.)
DOCTOR: There. Now, what's on that screen is what's outside the Tardis.
EVELYN: Oh. Looks a bit grotty.
DOCTOR: Grotty? It's London, the greatest city in England.
EVELYN: London *is* grotty, and obviously always has been. Though I suppose all of that out there gets destroyed in the Great Fire.
DOCTOR: (embarrassed) Er, yes.
EVELYN: Looks like it's winter at the moment. When exactly did you set the controls for?
DOCTOR: Well, I don't know the exact day. If it looks like winter, it probably is. December? January? I'll soon find out.
EVELYN: *We'll* soon find out.
DOCTOR: But if you're going out there, you'll have to get changed first. There's some Elizabethan gowns back there somewhere.
EVELYN: What's wrong with what I'm wearing?
DOCTOR: Well, you're the historian. Did they have cardigans in Tudor times?
EVELYN: I'll get cold.
DOCTOR: And I don't think they had handbags either.
EVELYN: So how exactly am I meant to lug around this device of yours? I think a handbag is going to excite less comment than a flashing whirring semi-detached whatever it is.
DOCTOR: All right, all right. But could I at least prevail upon you to be careful?
EVELYN: I'm going to have a quiet drink in a traditional English tavern, meeting some traditional English people. What could possibly go wrong?

(Lots of men talking.)
CROW: More ale over here, John Wilson.
WILSON: Right you are, George Crow. And er, one for the lad?
CROW: Go on, he needs hairs putting on his chest, don't you, William Leaf?
LEAF: Actually, I've heard that women prefer the smoother look.
CROW: Old hags looking for their lost youth, perhaps. Or a lost youth, anyway. That's what you want, William Leaf, an old hag with more money than sense to while away the dark winter nights.
LEAF: There's a lot to be said for maturity in a lady, I reckon.
(Door opens, the place goes quiet briefly.)
EVELYN: Good day.
(Door closes.)
CROW: Looks like it's your lucky day, lad. Here, John Wilson, you never told us your granny was coming to visit.
WILSON: My grandmother, God rest her soul, has been buried these past thirty years, as well you know, George Crow.
CROW: Well, it looks like someone's been and dug her up!
(Laughter.)
EVELYN: Excuse me, er, landlord?
WILSON: Were you wanting something?
EVELYN: Yes. A drink, if you'd be so kind.
WILSON: Let's see the colour of your coin.

EVELYN: Ah. Now, I was always into the political rather than the economic side of things. Groats and testons and the debasement of the coinage, of course, not really my sort of thing.
(Coins onto table.)
EVELYN: Will this do?
WILSON: Ah. That'll do.
CROW: More money than sense. Here you go, William Leaf. This here's your dream woman
LEAF: Leave off, will you?
WILSON: There you go.
EVELYN: And what's this, exactly?
WILSON: Beer. What'd you expect, fancy French wine?
CROW: Or a drop of honey mead?
EVELYN: Oh no, this is fine. Just fine, thank you. Traditional English fare. Very nice.
CROW: She must be foreign, I reckon, if she thinks your beer's very nice, John Wilson. Maybe in foreign parts women make a habit of going into the ale houses and all, not being civilised and knowing their place like our wenches do.
LEAF: Their place being in your arms, I suppose, George Crow.
CROW: Oh yes. Well, the ones under fifty, at any rate. You can have the rest.
LEAF: Don't you take no notice of him, lady. They like to tease, but they don't mean nothing by it.
EVELYN: Oh, I've faced worse than this crowd. Class of '74 springs to mind, in fact. I found it best just to ignore them. I wonder, would you mind if I joined you?
CROW: Free country. Leastways it is at the moment.
LEAF: Oh, don't you get started on the Spanish, George Crow.
CROW: I'll say one thing for Jack Spaniard, William Leaf.
LEAF: What's that then?
CROW: At least he ain't a Frenchman!
(Laughter.)
CROW: Here, you ain't a Frenchie, are you, lady?
EVELYN: English born and bred.
CROW: Really? You've got the look of a foreigner about you. That woollen thing you're wearing
EVELYN: I'm not very interesting. Why don't we talk about you instead?
LEAF: What'd you want to know about us for, lady? We're nothing special.
EVELYN: No particular reason. I'd just like to, that's all. Now, what would you all say to another round of beer?
LEAF: I'd say all right to that. What about you, George Crow?
CROW: Lady's got coin to throw away, I don't reckon we should stand in her way, William Leaf.
EVELYN: Landlord, three more beers, please.

DOCTOR: Excuse me, I'm the Doctor. I've come to see the Queen.
SARAH: Oh, I'm so pleased you're here.
DOCTOR: You're expecting me?
SARAH: Oh yes. I must say though, you've got here very quickly.
DOCTOR: Well, I had excellent transport.
SARAH: I see. I confess I was somewhat worried that the boy would not be able to locate you.
DOCTOR: Ah.
SARAH: If you will beg my pardon, you've not attended the Queen before, have you.
DOCTOR: Well, that's hard to say. I have, but then I'm not entirely sure if I have yet. But I knew her father, King Henry, very well.
SARAH: Indeed. But I must not waste your time. The Queen is anxious to see you as soon as you arrive. She is very ill today. We have a fear that the baby may come forth early. Follow me.
DOCTOR: What? Oh, I'm not really that sort. Baby? The Virgin Queen? History must be going very wrong indeed. Wait for me.

LEAF: And Crow here with three kids and another on the way, you've got to feel sorry for his missus, haven't you?
CROW: She ain't complaining. Leastways, she may be, but I ain't listening. (laughs) You got any kids, lady?
EVELYN: Not of my own, no.
LEAF: Oh, that's not so good. Who's to look after you in your old age, then? I'm going to have sixteen kids, me. Well, when I find the right woman.

CROW: One that's blind and deaf, and don't run very fast.
LEAF: (sotto) Very funny.
CROW: Leaving it a bit late though, lad.
LEAF: No, I'm not. Some people leave it years without getting married and having kids. Don't mean they never will, though.
CROW: You putting yourself in with the Queen, eh, William Leaf?
WILSON: Here, don't you go mouthing off about her Majesty in this bar, George Crow.
CROW: Oh yeah, yeah, yeah. Don't get me wrong. I weren't saying a word against her Majesty. In fact, a toast to her health, I say, and any children that she may end up having.
LEAF: To the Queen.
EVELYN: Absolutely. To Good Queen Bess.
(Gasps then silence.)

SARAH: This way. The Queen is in her bedchamber. After you are admitted, you may not leave until she gives you permission.
DOCTOR: Of course.
SARAH: Do not mention the baby until she brings the matter to your attention. You must not cause her any unnecessary distress.
DOCTOR: I'll do my best.
SARAH: But stay, where is your bag? Are you not intending to bleed her Majesty?
DOCTOR: Oh. Didn't the boy bring my bag with him? He was supposed to. Never mind, I'm sure the Queen can cope without being bled for one day. If I need anything, hot water, towels and so on, I can call on you, can't I?
SARAH: I will be remaining with the Queen unless she orders me away, but we can send a servant for anything you may require. Now, I must tell her Majesty you are here, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Smith. Doctor John Smith.
SARAH: You will oblige me by waiting here, Doctor Smith.
DOCTOR: Of course.
(Door opens.)
SARAH: Doctor Smith is here to see her Majesty.
QUEEN [OC]: Send him in, Sarah. I require his urgent attentions.
SARAH: You may enter. Your Majesty, Doctor John Smith. Doctor, her most gracious Majesty, Queen Mary.
DOCTOR: Queen Mary?

CROW: What did you say?
EVELYN: I'm sorry. Where I come from, we use her nickname. I didn't mean to offend you. I mean a toast to her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth.
CROW: What do you think this is, a traitor's bar?
LEAF: We don't stand for traitors around here, lady.
(Sword drawn, consternation.)
WILSON: By my steel, you'll take back those words.
EVELYN: I'm sorry. What have I said?
WILSON: Take her outside and deal with her. I'll have no one saying I harbour traitors under my roof.
LEAF: They hang traitors by their necks, lady, for no more talk than what you've said.
CROW: Yeah, and cut 'em down while they're still alive and rip out their guts so's they can look down upon them.
EVELYN: Let me go. What did I say?
CROW: We support her true Majesty around here, not no bastard usurper's. Mary is Queen and that's the way it's staying. And death to traitors.
ALL: Death to traitors! Death to traitors! Death to traitors!

[Part Two]

(Outside. A horse trots past occasionally.)
EVELYN: Get your hands off me! How dare you!
CROW: Shh.
EVELYN: Go quietly to an ignoble death? Never!
CROW: Shut up. No one's going to kill you. You're testing us, ain't you?

EVELYN: I beg your pardon?
LEAF: Maybe not testing us, George Crow. Just come to help us. Who do you think should be on the throne, lady?
EVELYN: Well, according to my information, it should be Elizabeth, not Mary. But I'm obviously here too early.
LEAF: Ahead of your time, yeah. Well, we think the same, me and Crow here.
CROW: And not a few others as well.
LEAF: Some of them in high places, lady. So, are you here to help us?
EVELYN: Oh, yes. Yes, I most certainly am. How clever of you to work it out.
CROW: Let's be off to the safe house then. Reverend Thomas will want to meet you.

QUEEN: Come and sit beside me, Doctor. Sarah, you may leave us now.
SARAH: Yes, your Majesty.
(Footsteps, door closes.)
QUEEN: Oh, good Doctor. I am greatly pleased to see you. Truly, I am sick in heart as well as body, although I cannot hope such is an ailment you can deal with.
DOCTOR: If you would not consider it an impertinence, your Majesty, why not tell me what's troubling you? In my view, a doctor should be as concerned with the happiness of his patients as he is with their physical condition.
QUEEN: Oh, that is indeed a refreshing view. Most physicians are content merely to take one's blood with a minimum of conversation.
DOCTOR: I think you'll fine I'm not like other doctors, your Majesty.
QUEEN: Indeed. I thought as much the very moment you walked into the room. Very well then, I *shall* speak. Doctor, I am old.
DOCTOR: (laughs) Your Majesty.
QUEEN: Do not flatter me, Doctor. In only a few week's time I shall reach my thirty ninth year. You must have attended many confinements. How many women do you know who have survived their first pregnancy at this late stage of their lives?
DOCTOR: Many, your Majesty. Many.
QUEEN: It is good of you to try to comfort me, but let no one say that the Queen of England hides her head from reality. Yet even this fear I could bear if my beloved husband were by my side, but he threatens to leave any day for the Low Lands, saying he is needed in the battle against the French.
DOCTOR: He has his duties, your Majesty.
QUEEN: His first duty is to me. And even if he cannot think of my comfort, then he should think further of his own position. Were I to die and my child with me, the throne may pass to the concubine's daughter, and she would not look too kindly on him or Catholic Spain.
DOCTOR: Your sister Elizabeth, you mean.
QUEEN: No sister of mine!
DOCTOR: I er
QUEEN: Stay. I should not speak so. A bastard she may be, but if my father acknowledged her as his own then I should not doubt his word, even if she is the spitting image of the concubine's lute player. But Doctor, you see my fear. It is not for myself alone, but for my people.
DOCTOR: Yet the country has survived such changes before.
QUEEN: And at the cost of how many souls? My only comfort in these dark days is that I'm finally able to take steps to purify this land. Do you follow politics, good Doctor?
DOCTOR: I try, your Majesty, but sometimes
QUEEN: Then you may not know this. That but a month ago, an Act was passed so that heretics may be burnt at the stake.
DOCTOR: Your Majesty, I would not presume to question your judgement.
QUEEN: But I see you wish to. You may speak freely.
DOCTOR: Well, as a friend of mine said recently, killing your own subjects because you hold different views? Well, I'm sure the people love you, but aren't you risking their disfavour?
QUEEN: Doctor, I would risk their disfavour and more to save them. I do not do this for myself but for them. If they cannot step from the path of sin then they will be purified in the flames, and this will serve as an example to others, so they will more readily return to the true faith. This country will be Catholic before my death, Doctor, and no man will stand in my way. I will wipe the Protestant scourge from every corner of England.

EVELYN: So you're both Protestants, I take it.

CROW: We certainly are, and proud of it, lady. Even with those laws the Queen brought in a last month, saying we're to burn.
EVELYN: You know, I do have a name. And I would hardly call myself a lady anyway. Could you make it Evelyn, please? Heresy laws, late 1554.
LEAF: An evil day, it was.
EVELYN: I quite agree. The burning of heretics is an inhumane practice.
CROW: Well, I wouldn't say that, Mistress Evelyn.
EVELYN: I'm sorry?
LEAF: Not the burning of your actual heretics. We've got no problem with that.
CROW: Serves them right, I say.
EVELYN: I beg your pardon?
LEAF: The problem is. Er, the problem is
CROW: Her Rome-bothering Majesty has got it into her head that we right-thinking folks are heretics, which obviously we are not.
EVELYN: I see. So you don't actually object to people being burnt alive at the stake?
CROW: Well, if they're heretics.
LEAF: Burning's too good for them, really.
CROW: Oh, they'll be burning soon enough where they're going.
(Both men laugh.)
LEAF: Good one. George Crow. And of course, an execution's always a good day out.
CROW: Take the kids. Love it, they do. Me and the missus went to this lovely hanging the other week.
EVELYN: I'm sorry. Maybe you could tell me about it another time. What I'd really like to know is what you intend to do about it all, then. Because, believe me, you won't get Mary to change her mind. She's a Catholic for life.
LEAF: Well, exactly. But if Elizabeth were on the throne
THOMAS: It's lucky for you they don't have the death penalty for wagging tongues, William Leaf.
LEAF: Oh Lor'. How you startled me, Reverend Thomas. I didn't hear you come in.
THOMAS: That's because I didn't come in, you idiot. I've been here all along, listening to you and your prattling friend prepare to tell our business to a strange woman who may well be a spy.
CROW: A spy?
THOMAS: Yes, George Crow, a spy. Don't tell me it hadn't crossed your tiny mind? No? How about you, William Leaf?
LEAF: But she was speaking for the Lady Elizabeth, Reverend.
THOMAS: And you would expect a spy to tell you nothing but God's own truth?
EVELYN: I assure you that I am not a spy.
THOMAS: A spy would say those exact same words.
EVELYN: If I were a spy, would I come here unarmed and unprotected, a woman alone?
THOMAS: Indeed. You make a good point. Leaf, Crow, search outside. She may have been followed.
CROW: Right-o, Reverend.
(Door opens and closes.)
THOMAS: Meanwhile.
EVELYN: Yes?
THOMAS: I will question you alone.

QUEEN: You are quiet, good Doctor. Do you have nothing to say?
DOCTOR: I do not wish to displease your Majesty.
QUEEN: Say what you think, Doctor. I am surrounded by those who seemingly have no opinions of their own. It will be pleasant for me to hear a different view.
DOCTOR: Even if it does not agree with your Majesty's thoughts?
QUEEN: Even so. Speak. You need not fear my wrath.
DOCTOR: Your Majesty, you of all people should appreciate the religious beliefs of others. During your brother Edward's reign, did you turn from Rome just because the King favoured Protestantism?
QUEEN: I will never turn from the truth.
DOCTOR: And yet many have been brought to think of your brother's faith as the true one. It would be easy for them to turn away, to embrace Catholicism as you desire, but they are not doing so. Would you kill them then, for doing the very thing you have done yourself? Believing in their own faith above all.
QUEEN: Oh, Doctor, you are a wise man, but these are the people I feel it is my most earnest duty to save. How wrong it would be for those of a strong faith to suffer for all eternity because the faith to which they clung was false. The strong in faith must be shown the error of their ways, My people

understand me, Doctor. They know I'm acting out of love for them.
DOCTOR: But when Elizabeth takes the throne
QUEEN: Doctor?
DOCTOR: I beg your Majesty's pardon. I was talking only of a hypothetical happening, which, God willing, will not arise.
QUEEN :Your tongue runs away with you, good Doctor. But I am forced to acknowledge it as a possibility. Then indeed I would despair for my beloved country.
DOCTOR: And I fear that if such a thing were to happen, then your name will be blackened in the eyes of history. They will see you only with blood on your hands.
QUEEN: But I will be in the arms of my Lord, and he will know the truth, Doctor. I thank you for your bravery in saying these things to me, but my calling is strong. What care I for the words of history if I can save but one soul.
DOCTOR: I'm a Doctor, your Majesty. My job is to save life. I can't approve of taking it.
QUEEN: Yet I see in your eyes that you understand me.
DOCTOR: I think I understand you more than you realise.
(Door opens.)
SARAH: Your Majesty.
QUEEN: What is it, Sarah?
SARAH: I am to tell you that His Grace, the Bishop of Aix, is here, your Majesty. He claims that you have promised to grant him an audience.
QUEEN: I will see him when I am ready to, not when he chooses to come a-knocking.
SARAH: Then I shall say that your Majesty cannot receive him today.
QUEEN: I am in no mood to speak with the French fool. But no, Sarah, I shall receive him. My humour has greatly increased since I have spoken to the Doctor here. Oh stay, Doctor. I require your company further. The Bishop de Noailles is the brother of my French ambassador, and even though he embraces the true religion, I must confess I like him not. With you beside me, at least I will be assured of an intelligent presence at this interview.
DOCTOR: If that is your Majesty's wish.
QUEEN: It is. Sarah, you will see that the Doctor is given suitable refreshment and then return to dress me.
SARAH: Yes, your Majesty.
(Door closes.)
QUEEN: Doctor, we shall talk further, you and I.
DOCTOR: It will be a pleasure.

THOMAS: So, you're a spy.
EVELYN: I most certainly am not.
THOMAS: Then why are you here?
EVELYN: Those two men brought me here. I thought they were going to kill me.
THOMAS: *That* could still happen. Your employers were suspicious. They sent you to inveigle yourself deliberately with Leaf and Crow.
EVELYN: I've never even seen them before.
THOMAS: But you knew of them, of us.
EVELYN: No, I did not. If I'd known about *you*, I'd have stayed well away, believe me.
THOMAS: Ah. Then you do not wish to be involved with us Protestants. You're a Catholic, perhaps. A spy.
EVELYN: You're just twisting things to suit yourself. Rather like a student trying to make an essay question fit what he's revised. I didn't set out to become part of your plot, but I'm not against you either.
THOMAS: You truly believe then, that the Lady Elizabeth should be on the throne.
EVELYN: As a matter of fact, I do, although probably not for the same reasons you do.
THOMAS: You know of our reasons, then? Our plot.
EVELYN: You're doing it again. I'm not a spy, and I'm not a danger to you, and I don't know anything about your plot.
THOMAS: If you know of us at all, then you're a danger.
EVELYN: Not if I don't tell anyone.
THOMAS: You've not so far proved yourself trustworthy.
EVELYN: Oh, I'm sorry, how could I have done that? You haven't listened to a word I've said. Am I supposed to produce a trustworthy certificate signed by God or something?
THOMAS: And now you blaspheme. You're dangerous to have around.

EVELYN: Oh, grow up. Look, if you're planning on overthrowing the Queen of England, you have to start trusting people at some stage, unless you've got some one-man kamikaze thing going on, so why not give me the benefit of the doubt? I could help you.
THOMAS: I need no help from old women.
EVELYN: As you're upset, I shall ignore that. But I won't forget it.
THOMAS: Oh, enough of this. If I wish to hear female babbling I can visit my wife.
EVELYN: Listen, I have a friend, a man of influence. He knows many men who support Elizabeth.
THOMAS: Name them.
EVELYN: Er, Francis Drake? No, he's not around yet. Oh, I know. William Cecil. They're great friends.
THOMAS: The old King's secretary?
EVELYN: A very influential man, and a Protestant, as I'm sure you know. The Doctor was only talking about him this morning.
THOMAS: This Doctor friend of yours would be willing to assist us?
EVELYN: I'm sure he would. In fact, he's actually a friend of Elizabeth herself.
THOMAS: Indeed. Then it's somewhat strange that I've never heard of him.
EVELYN: Yes, very strange. I'm sure you'd remember if you had. The Doctor isn't easily forgotten.

QUEEN: Doctor, may I present François de Noailles, Bishop of Aix, and brother to my most trusted ambassador, Antoine.
DOCTOR: Pleased to meet you.
QUEEN: François, this is my physician, Doctor John Smith. You will not object to his presence.
FRANÇOIS: But no, your Majesty. Monsieur le Docteur, it is a great pleasure.
QUEEN: Now, why did you wish to speak with me, François?
FRANÇOIS: Your Majesty, it is of your sister that I wish to speak. The Lady Elizabeth.
QUEEN: And what of her?
FRANÇOIS: Your Majesty, no one appreciates better than I the pain she has caused to you, and no one regrets it more. Yet I earnestly believe that it is in your Majesty's interests for you to be reconciled.
QUEEN: You presume to know what is best for me?
FRANÇOIS: Never, your Majesty, never. But there is much talk, your Majesty, from the people.
QUEEN: And what do the people say?
FRANÇOIS: These new laws, they are unhappy.
QUEEN: I am Queen by divine right, appointed by God to know what is best for my people.
FRANÇOIS: No one would question that, your Majesty.
DOCTOR: Funny, I could have sworn you were questioning it only a moment ago.
FRANÇOIS: Then you misunderstood me, Monsieur le Docteur. Forgive me. My English is perhaps not as good as she could be.
DOCTOR: Oh, rest assured I could understand you even if you were speaking Serbo-Croat, François. I'm sorry, do go on.
FRANÇOIS: If your Majesty would only consider releasing the Lady Elizabeth from house arrest. She is popular with the people. It could do you nothing but good.
QUEEN: I beg to differ. It would do *you* nothing but good. You think not of my welfare, but of your own. You wish to curry favour with Elizabeth knowing I'm not in good health.
FRANÇOIS: Your Majesty, nothing could be further from my mind.
QUEEN: It is well known that the treacherous Anne Boleyn had sympathies for France. You no doubt believe that her daughter will feel likewise. I know well that your King dislikes my alliance with the Hapsburgs. Perhaps you feel that were I to die, I
FRANÇOIS: But your Majesty!
DOCTOR: I think it might be as well for you to take your leave, Monsieur de Noailles. Speaking as a physician, I think the Queen should rest now.
QUEEN: Thank you, Doctor.
FRANÇOIS: I assure you, your Majesty, I meant no disrespect. I was thinking only of your Majesty.
DOCTOR: With your Majesty's permission, I will escort Monsieur de Noailles to the door.
QUEEN: Of course.
(Footsteps. Door opens.)
DOCTOR: I know what you're after, and she does too.
FRANÇOIS: She? Is that any way to talk of the Queen's Majesty?
DOCTOR: Oh, spare me. I'm sure I have more respect for the Queen's Majesty than you do. But let me tell you this. If you are planning to put Elizabeth on the throne
FRANÇOIS: How dare you!

DOCTOR: I dare because I know. But it won't happen. Elizabeth will not come to the throne until Mary dies a natural death. I promise you that. So raising false hopes in the one and tormenting the other will do neither them nor you any good at all.
FRANÇOIS: Huh. You cannot know the future. I bid you good day, Monsieur.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: I assure you I can know the future, Monsieur. (sotto) At least, I hope I can. I'm no nearer stopping you being erased from history, Evelyn.

EVELYN: And you plan to put Elizabeth on the throne in Mary's place?
THOMAS: We do.
EVELYN: But don't you realise how dangerous that is for you? What are there, three or four of you?
THOMAS: The people will rally to us.
EVELYN: Huh. Just like they did after Wyatt's rebellion, where twenty thousand Londoners rose up to defend the Queen? It'll never work, and you'll be executed.
THOMAS: I'll be executed anyway. I'm a Protestant priest. I and my colleagues, and true God-fearing men like Leaf and Crow will all die.
EVELYN: But you're rich, aren't you? Why not leave the country?
THOMAS: *I* could do that, but Leaf and Crow, others from their walk of life, they cannot. I'm not doing this for my own life or my own glory, but because the Queen must be stopped.
EVELYN: Look, I agree that a woman like that should never have been let near the throne in the first place, but no plot against Mary is going to succeed. Don't risk your lives. In a few years, she'll be dead, and Elizabeth will be Queen, and sort everything out.
THOMAS: I admire your optimism. But even if Mary dies, God willing, her child will succeed, and that Spanish dog will see it brought up a Catholic.
EVELYN: She won't have a child.
THOMAS: She's with child even now.
EVELYN: No, she isn't. It's a phantom pregnancy. She can't have children.
THOMAS: How can you possibly know that?
EVELYN: Ah, my friend, the Doctor. He's attending the Queen even now. Elizabeth will succeed, and soon. Mary *isn't* pregnant.

SARAH: The Queen is resting now, Doctor, but she requests that you remain here. She says you are a great comfort to her. And indeed, I am thankful to have a medical man such as yourself in attendance. Her Majesty has been of great concern to us recently. She has suffered much ever since we learned she was with child.
DOCTOR: Ah, I see. The Queen is very anxious to have a baby.
SARAH: It is her heart's greatest wish. A bond between herself and his Majesty Philip, and an heir to carry on her work. It is the thing she desires most.
DOCTOR: And what if she were, God forbid, to find out she is not pregnant after all?
SARAH: What do you say, sir? Why, if anyone were to speak such Godless words to the Queen, like as not she would clap them in the Tower.
DOCTOR: Ah.
SARAH: What do you say? Is the Queen not with child then?
DOCTOR: Oh, it was just a foolish enquiry. Pay me no heed. Now, I would be happy to attend her Majesty, but I have a companion who is awaiting my return. If I could go and fetch her.
SARAH: I will have a messenger sent to bring her here. Tell me her name and where she is to be found.
DOCTOR: Thank you. Her name is Evelyn Smythe. She's in her fifties, grey hair, and when I last saw her she was wearing an orange cardigan.
SARAH: A cardigan?
DOCTOR: A sort of woollen jacket. No sense of style. I told her that people didn't wear them round here, but would she listen to me? Oh no, not she. Quite what I've done to land myself with another awkward. Er, sorry. You were asking where you could find her. Well, she was supposed to be waiting in a tavern. I do hope she hasn't wandered off anywhere. My friends have a habit of doing that, I've found.
SARAH: Such an aged lady is unlikely to venture far on her own.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, age is relative, you know. I believe she has all her own teeth.
SARAH: (laughs) Oh, you must be worried about her though, Doctor. A lady of such advanced years alone in a tavern. I will send a messenger with the utmost urgency.

DOCTOR: Thank you.

(Door opens.)
CROW: There's no one out there.
LEAF: Not a soul.
EVELYN: Because I'm not a spy.
(Door closes.)
EVELYN: And I think your friend Reverend Thomas here's finally come to believe that.
THOMAS: She says she can help us. She claims to have friends in high places, at court.
CROW: Well, so do you. So, she's all right, then?
THOMAS: I have decided to give her the benefit of the doubt.
EVELYN: Well, that's a victory for common sense, at least. My heart was in my mouth for a moment there. Tell you what, I could do with a nice relaxing cup of cocoa right now. I think we all could. William, could you pass my bag, please? I don't suppose you have any milk?
THOMAS: Oh yes, we keep a cow in the next room. Can you not hear it mooing?
EVELYN: No need to take that tone of voice with me, young man. In that case, George, perhaps you'd be good enough to fetch me some hot water.
CROW: You want a wash?
EVELYN: No, a drink.
CROW: You can't drink water. Are you mad?
EVELYN: Don't worry, heating it will kill all the germs.
LEAF: All the what?
CROW: Kill us, more like.
EVELYN: Just fetch it, there's a good chap. Now, this is cocoa. Here, smell it.
THOMAS: I'd rather not.
EVELYN: Suit yourself. William?
LEAF: (sniffs) It smells (pause) different.
EVELYN: But it tastes divine. No offence intended, Reverend. Now, as we're using water to make it, I think it might need a little something extra. I don't have any sugar, but there should be some sweeteners in my bag. Could you get them, William? Zip pocket on the side?
LEAF: Zip?
EVELYN: Oh yes. Yes, you see that little metal tag? That's it. Pull it.
(Zip! Leaf laughs, and does it several times.)
EVELYN: Opens and closes things. Clever, isn't it?
LEAF: Yeah.
EVELYN: Er, the sweeteners? Little white tablets?
(Shakes container.)
LEAF: These?
EVELYN: No, not those ones. You wouldn't want them in your cocoa.
THOMAS: Why not?
EVELYN: Analgesics. Bitter.
LEAF: There's writing on here. You can read, Mistress Evelyn?
EVELYN: I can.
LEAF: What's it say?
EVELYN: Well, that bit's my name, so some one else doesn't take them by mistake.
LEAF: Are they for eating, then?
EVELYN: Well, no, swallowed. But I wouldn't advise it. Look, that bit says do not exceed the stated dose. It could be dangerous.
LEAF: Eating these could kill you?
EVELYN: Well, yes.
THOMAS: Really.
EVELYN: Now where's George with the hot water? You're all in for a treat, I can tell you.

DOCTOR: Ah, Lady Sarah.
SARAH: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Have you despatched a messenger yet?
SARAH: Indeed. Your friend should be here in but a short time.
DOCTOR: Thank you. That's rather a weight off my mind. She's not used to being in cities such as this.

SARAH: Ah, London can inspire great awe in folk not used to such a place. The Spanish gentlemen and ladies that came over with his Majesty, often I heard them say they knew not what to make of it. That they never knew anything like it in Spain.
DOCTOR: Ah, yes. Yes, of course.

(Sip, expression of distaste.)
CROW: Urgh, this cocoa's a children's drink. No man would drink something that tastes this sweet.
EVELYN: Now, now, George, it's a delicacy. I assure you that many great men have had a soft spot for this. When Cortés first brought cocoa to Europe
CROW: Cortés? Sounds a bit Spanish to me.
EVELYN: He was Spanish. An explorer. He'd have only died a few years ago, now I come to think about it. Haven't you heard of the New World?
LEAF: No.
EVELYN: Oh, honestly. History's going on all around you and you've just no idea. It's tragic. Mind you, half my students wouldn't know who Cortés was either, and they're doing history degrees. I don't suppose either of you two lads went to school.
LEAF: Ha, school?
EVELYN: Well, you've got a better excuse than they have, then. Anyway, another cup, anyone?
CROW: You must be joking. I'd take good English ale over this foreign muck any day.
LEAF: Well, you do that then, George Crow. You just ain't sophisticated enough for the likes of Mistress Evelyn.
CROW: Well, I will then. An honest beer at the Dog and Duck will do me. You can be sophisticated on your own, William Leaf. Good day.
(Door opens and closes.)
EVELYN: Dear me. Boys. Now, I'm sure I can persuade *you* to take some more, William.
LEAF: Don't mind if I do, Mistress Evelyn. Don't mind if I do.

SARAH: Of course, the Spanish have so many barbarian customs anyway. You will not believe this, Doctor, but they actually tried to force themselves into the Queen's bedchamber on the morning after her wedding night, against all custom.
DOCTOR: Really?
SARAH: And although these Spanish pretend to take up good English ways, just a look at their dark faces shows how they would stab you as soon as look at you. They are not pleasant folks, and not a one of them is handsome. I dislike dark hair and eyes in a man. It shows a dark nature. My taste is to fair hair and blue eyes. The true English type, such as your own, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ah, um, Lady Sarah, I wonder if you could just check if the messenger has returned yet? I am a bit worried about my friend.
SARAH: Oh. Yes, of course, Doctor. I'll go right away, shall I?
DOCTOR: I would appreciate it. Thank you.

(Door opens and closes.)
CROW: Here, Mistress Evelyn.
EVELYN: Yes, George?
CROW: There was a bloke asking for you down at the Dog and Duck.
EVELYN: Oh, that'll be the Doctor. Tall, curly haired fellow?
CROW: Nah, this was a bloke from Court. Had a message for you, but I persuaded him to give it to me, as we don't want the likes of him sniffing round here, do we, Reverend?
THOMAS: Certainly not, George Crow. Well done.
EVELYN: And what message was this then, George?
CROW: You're wanted at Court. Your Doctor friend's been asking for you.
EVELYN: Oh dear. Hope he's not in any sort of trouble.
CROW: I thought he was in with them at Court?
EVELYN: Yes, yes, of course he is. (sotto) Unless he turned up insisting Elizabeth was on the throne, like I did. (normal) I, I ought to go.
CROW: The bloke said it was urgent.
EVELYN: Why didn't you say so. The Doctor's in trouble. Quickly. Oh, how do I get there?
LEAF: I'll take you, Mistress Evelyn.
EVELYN: Thank you, William. Now, come on.

(Door opens, footsteps, door closes.)

(Knocking on door.)
FRANÇOIS: Come in.
(Door opens.)
THOMAS: Monsieur de Noailles?
FRANÇOIS: Reverend Thomas.
(Door closes. Occasional crackle of a fire.)
FRANÇOIS: How goes it with you? I expected you earlier.
THOMAS: Oh, I was caught up with some tiresome woman, but she's gone off to the Palace now.
FRANÇOIS: Indeed? Then the Palace will soon be full of tiresome women.
THOMAS: It did not go well with the Queen?
FRANÇOIS: No, it was a disaster. She would not listen. And the worst thing of all? She has a new favourite. A doctor. He is doing his best to turn her against me. I think he knows of our plan to put Elizabeth on the throne.
THOMAS: Really? A doctor, you say, newly arrived at Court?
FRANÇOIS: So it would seem.
THOMAS: I have heard tell of a doctor at Court, but he speaks against Elizabeth?
FRANÇOIS: He does.
THOMAS: It could be a cover.
FRANÇOIS: Ha, no. He spoke to me in private, and I looked into his eyes. He meant every word.
THOMAS: Then she is a spy, as I first thought. She will tell all to the Queen. We shall be hanged.
FRANÇOIS: She? Of whom do you speak?
THOMAS: This woman, Evelyn, who has gone to the Palace. She claimed that she and this doctor would support our cause, that his connections at Court would be used to our benefit.
FRANÇOIS: This doctor, he will not help us.
THOMAS: Ah, what a fool I am.
FRANÇOIS: Wait, Reverend. All is not yet lost. Will she have reached Court yet?
THOMAS: No, she set off only a few minutes before I left.
FRANÇOIS: She might never reach the Palace.
THOMAS: I'm not going to stab her in the street! It would be far to risky.
FRANÇOIS: And would excite suspicion, true. Well, we will think of another way. One that will destroy this doctor too. Tell me everything you know of her. Everything. We must find a way to stop her talking to the Queen.

LEAF: This doctor bloke must be pretty special if you're in such a state about him. Is he your sweetheart or anything?
EVELYN: Good gracious me, no. Just a friend. But I don't abandon my friends ah!
LEAF: Are you all right?
EVELYN: Just felt dizzy for a moment.
LEAF: Maybe we'd better slow down.
EVELYN: No, not if the Doctor's in trouble. Every second could count. Come on!

FRANÇOIS: So, Reverend, you are sure the woman Evelyn said that? Those exact words?
THOMAS: As near as I can remember, yes, that's undoubtedly the sense of it.
FRANÇOIS: Then we have her.

EVELYN: Come on, William. Hurry. If the Doctor's in trouble I ah!
LEAF: What is it?
EVELYN: My head. I left my bag behind.
LEAF: I don't understand.
(Evelyn slips in and out of existence.)
LEAF: Oh, my good God. I can see right through you!
EVELYN: It's catching up with me. The nexus point. History. I'll cease to exist! Help me. Help. Ooo! Ah!
LEAF: Mistress Evelyn! Mistress Evelyn!

[Part Three]

FRANÇOIS: I must go to Court. The Queen is resting. She will not see this Evelyn for some time. After her Majesty has received her, I will enter and confront them. You are certain that this woman is carrying poison?
THOMAS: A bottle of pills in her bag. She definitely said that they were to be swallowed, and that they could kill.
FRANÇOIS: Excellent. The Queen is so paranoid that this woman will be discredited immediately. She will not be able to tell of your plot.
THOMAS: Our plot.
FRANÇOIS: Our plot, of course. This is, if I may say so, an answer to a prayer.
THOMAS: Thank the Lord.
FRANÇOIS: But now I must go quickly.
THOMAS: Wait.
FRANÇOIS: What?
THOMAS: The woman, Evelyn. She left in a hurry.
FRANÇOIS: So?
THOMAS: She left her bag behind.
FRANÇOIS: No!
THOMAS: We are lost.
FRANÇOIS: No, we are not. You must fetch her bag. Get it to her before she sees the Queen.
THOMAS: But I
FRANÇOIS: Do not argue with me, Reverend. Go!

DOCTOR: Lady Sarah. Before I came here, I'd heard many things about the Queen, not all of them good. But now I've had the good fortune to meet her for myself, I think she seems a remarkable woman, if a little highly strung. Tell me, what do the people think of her?
SARAH: You will not get any of her attendants to say a bad word about her, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh, of course not. I'm not trying to trick you into saying anything indiscreet.
SARAH: That's good, because you wouldn't succeed.
DOCTOR: It's just that I've been travelling for some time, and I'm intrigued to hear what the average man in the street is saying. Word must trickle through to you.
SARAH: Good Doctor, the average man in the street could not care less who was on the throne, so long as there is bread and beer on the table.
DOCTOR: Yes, I have noticed such tendencies before.
SARAH: Yet indeed, as bread and beer gets scarcer, there's those that will say there was no hunger in King Henry's time, and others who will believe them. But they'll do nothing about it. The Queen is fearful of plots, but there are none, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'm not surprised she's scared, though. After all, it was a rebellion that put her on the throne in place of poor young Jane, wasn't it? And something that succeeds once can succeed again. There was a big rebellion last year, I believe.
SARAH: The wicked Wyatt's uprising, you mean.
DOCTOR: Hmm.
SARAH: Those who objected to the Queen's marrying King Philip. And the people of London rose in support of her Majesty then. They understood that it is a woman's duty to take a husband, and to do for his best account in all things, whether it is popular or no. Are you married, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Alas, I have yet to attain that happy state.
SARAH: Never fear. I know of many women who take husbands much greater than them in years. It is not yet too late.
DOCTOR: Well, that's a comforting thought.
SARAH: Indeed, there are many advantages to marrying an older man. Their wisdom and experience is so much greater than that of mere boys, I think, and
DOCTOR: I'm sure you're right. But I think perhaps doctors ought not to marry. They should devote their time to the common good, like priests, don't you think?
SARAH: There are some that might say that, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, have I said something to upset you?
SARAH: I would not dream of questioning her Majesty's policies.
DOCTOR: No. No, no, no, of course not. I quite understand. Still, maybe there are one or two little things that you think could have been better otherwise. That would be quite understandable. No one could criticise you for it.
SARAH: Her Majesty has repealed all the laws of religion brought in her brother's time, and I know it is wrong, but oh, it is like giving a child a toy to play with and then snatching it away.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I'm not quite sure
SARAH: Under his Majesty King Edward, it was permitted for the clergy to take wives as other men do. But in Queen Mary's eyes, this was a great sin.
DOCTOR: Oh, she does have very strong views.
SARAH: To those who have never known a woman, perhaps it is not so cruel. But to make unlawful the marriages of those who have committed to each other in good faith, and to make bastards of their children? I am sure God would understand that they thought they were doing right, and pardon them.
DOCTOR: I would hope that God always takes into account good intentions, even when evil comes of them. Her Majesty the Queen passionately that she is doing the right thing, and acting for the good of everyone. But because of her, hundreds will die, burnt at the stake. A truly horrific death.
SARAH: You cannot know that, Doctor. The Protestants may yet repent.
DOCTOR: Let's assume, though, that that does happen. Is she still a good person when all those people have died because of her?
SARAH: The Queen is appointed by God to rule, and if you disobey her rulings, then you are punished. The people know that.
DOCTOR: But under Edward, who was also appointed by God to rule, these things weren't sins. And if the next monarch is a Protestant
SARAH: Like Lady Elizabeth, you mean.
DOCTOR: Oh, exactly. Well, then these things might become lawful again, and Mary might become a by-word of everything that's bad for centuries to come. The public perception of what is a sin changes from day to day, with or without laws. But I'm not talking about what the people think.
SARAH: What do you mean, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'm asking, if you do what you firmly believe is good and right, however much it hurts you or others, and no matter what happens as a consequence, does what's in your hearts, heart, make you a good person?
SARAH: We are taught that God has infinite mercy, Doctor. But surely as a God-fearing man you have no need to trouble yourself on this?
DOCTOR: Oh, Sarah, if only you knew.
SARAH: Tell me.
DOCTOR: What would you say if I were to tell you that I once destroyed an entire race, that I have led friends to their deaths and caused numerous wars. That my intervention has led to peaceful races taking up arms, and good people have their faith or reason destroyed. Because I failed to act, millions upon millions have been enslaved or killed. What if I have done all those things, but had always, *always* believed I was doing the right thing.
SARAH: If you were to tell me that, I would say, may God have mercy on your soul.
DOCTOR: Sarah.
SARAH: But I would also say, I trust and pray that He will.
DOCTOR: Thank you.

LEAF: Mistress Evelyn! Where are you? What's happened?
(Evelyn reappears.)
LEAF: Oh, it's witchcraft!
EVELYN: (distorted) No. No, it isn't. You have to help me, William. I don't think I have much longer. You have to oh. (disappears)
LEAF: What is it? What do I have to do? Come back!
(Evelyn reappears.)
LEAF: Oh, tell me. Tell me what I have to do.
EVELYN: Too late. (disappears.)
LEAF: Oh, Mistress Evelyn.
THOMAS: (distant) Leaf! Leaf, is that you?
LEAF: Reverend Thomas! Oh, thank the Lord.
(Evelyn reappears.)
EVELYN: Oh!
THOMAS: (distant) Just hold on there a minute.
LEAF: Mistress Evelyn, are you all right?
EVELYN: I feel fine.
LEAF: The Reverend Thomas will know what to do.
EVELYN: No, you mustn't tell him about this, please. I promise it's nothing to do with witchcraft, William. I'll explain later.
THOMAS: Ah, there you are. I didn't see you for a moment, Evelyn.

EVELYN: You've brought my bag!
THOMAS: I noticed you'd left it behind. I thought you might need it.
EVELYN: That was very thoughtful of you. Thank you. Thank you very much.
THOMAS: I thought you might be at the palace by now. That I'd be too late.
EVELYN: Oh no, you were just in time. But the Doctor's in trouble and I've wasted enough time. Will you excuse me if I rush off?
THOMAS: Of course. I'll see you later, William Leaf.
LEAF: I'll probably wait for Mistress Evelyn, Reverend Thomas. See she don't get lost on the way back.
EVELYN: That's very thoughtful of you, but I'm sure it won't be necessary.
LEAF: It's no problem, really.
EVELYN: Oh, all right then. Come on, William. To the Palace. (receding) And thank you again, Reverend Thomas.
THOMAS: I assure you the pleasure was all mine.

EVELYN: Doctor, thank goodness I found you.
DOCTOR: Evelyn, what's the matter?
EVELYN: Well, nothing. What's the matter with you?
DOCTOR: Nothing.
EVELYN: I was told you needed to see me urgently. I thought you'd got into trouble.
DOCTOR: I never get into trouble. The message must have got garbled.
EVELYN: I thought they'd put you in the Tower.
DOCTOR: Not this time, no. Do you think they might?
EVELYN: It's possible. You seem to have a gift for getting things wrong. Miracle of temporal engineering, you said.
DOCTOR: The Tardis is an exceptionally fine craft
EVELYN: With a lousy sense of timing. So much for visiting Queen Elizabeth. She doesn't come to the throne for another three years.
DOCTOR: My dear Doctor Smythe, the universe exists for billions upon billions of years, and is bigger than your human brain could ever dream of comprehending. And it's not even the only one in existence. To be able to travel to a certain planet in a certain century is a feat greater than any *your* race has ever achieved, and to reach the right city and the right decade, that's an unbelievably skilled piece of work. And you complain about a mere three years?
EVELYN: Those three years almost got me killed.
DOCTOR: Ah, well, well, I, I'm sorry to hear about that, obviously.
EVELYN: Though I suppose that might not matter too much, as I'm about to be erased from history anyway.
DOCTOR: Ah.
EVELYN: I came this close to vanishing on the way here, you know.
DOCTOR: Really. Well
(Door opens. Footsteps.)
SARAH: The Queen will see you both now.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Lady Sarah. Come along, Evelyn. We don't want to keep her Majesty waiting, do we?
EVELYN: No, of course not, Doctor. We'll talk later.

CROW: Was you able to catch Mistress Evelyn and give her her bag, then, Reverend?
THOMAS: I was, George Crow, though I fear she will not need it where she's going.
CROW: The Palace?
THOMAS: The Tower, George Crow. The Tower.
CROW: What?
THOMAS: I'm afraid I have some disturbing news. I've discovered that I was right all along.
CROW: What'd you mean?
THOMAS: Evelyn Smythe was a spy, and she will soon discover what it is to feel the Queen's wrath.

QUEEN: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Your Majesty. And may I present my companion, Evelyn Smythe.
EVELYN: It's a pleasure, your Majesty.
QUEEN: Sarah, would you see about bringing refreshments for us all?

SARAH: Yes, your Majesty.
(Footsteps.)
QUEEN: Now, Doctor.
FRANÇOIS: Your Majesty.
QUEEN: de Noailles! What is the meaning of this? How dare you enter unannounced?
FRANÇOIS: I beg your Majesty's pardon, but the intelligence I bring is too great for any delay. I bring news of a most terrible plot against your Majesty's life.
QUEEN: What?
DOCTOR: Really? Then you'd better tell us at once.
FRANÇOIS: I will do so gladly, even if I face her Majesty's grave disfavour in bringing the news that I do of her new favourite.
DOCTOR: Meaning me, by any chance?
FRANÇOIS: My words are for her Majesty.
QUEEN: And she will hear them, de Noailles. But be warned that you must have proof of what you say. The Doctor has proved himself to be a good and wise man.
FRANÇOIS: It is not directly of him I speak, your Majesty, but I think you will agree that by a man's associates can you know him.
QUEEN: Then it is this lady whom you accuse.
EVELYN: Oh, no.
DOCTOR: What on Earth have you been up to?
FRANÇOIS: I believe that this Doctor has wormed his way into your favour to do you great harm, and this woman is the means by which he will carry it out.
DOCTOR: Piffle! Sheer nonsense. As her Majesty says, you must have proof for such an accusation, and I know that you have none, as is isn't true.
FRANÇOIS: Would your Majesty consider bringing poison into her presence proof enough?
QUEEN: Poison?
EVELYN: What?
FRANÇOIS: Poison indeed. I think you will agree, Monsieur le Docteur, that there can be no innocent explanation for such an act.
DOCTOR: Actually, I can think of seventeen perfectly innocent explanations off the top of my head, but I think you ought to produce this poison first.
FRANÇOIS: Then let your companion turn out her bag.
EVELYN: I don't know what the man's talking about. I don't carry poison around.
FRANÇOIS: Then I will turn out your bag for you.
EVELYN: No! I mean, I'll do it. But you're mistaken, you know.
FRANÇOIS: We shall see.
(Zip sound.)
EVELYN: Here. Cocoa, soap, plasters. (clears throat.)
FRANÇOIS: Ah. See, your Majesty? There *is* something she wishes to conceal.
EVELYN: It's some of Marks and Spencer's finest, if you must know, which I would prefer not to parade in front of you, if you don't mind, young man. You can use your imagination like everyone else. Torch, pills.
FRANÇOIS: Ah! Ha, ha! Condemned from your own mouth. You carry poison.
EVELYN: This isn't poison.
FRANÇOIS: Do you deny that the contents of that bottle could kill a man?
EVELYN: Well, they *could*. How do you. Reverend Thomas!
FRANÇOIS: And do you deny that even now the Queen's lady in waiting is fetching refreshment for you? Refreshment that you intended to poison with these.
EVELYN: Well of course I deny that. It's rubbish.
QUEEN: But if you carry poison
EVELYN: I do not.
FRANÇOIS: You now deny that these tablets belong to you, and yet your name is written on that bottle. Evelyn Smythe. Proof conclusive.
EVELYN: This is ridiculous.
DOCTOR: If I may speak, your Majesty?
QUEEN: You may, Doctor. I hope you have a good explanation for this.
DOCTOR: Actually, I do. Your Majesty's surely aware that a practitioner of medicine must carry many substances on him, some of which must harm, even kill a person if ingested. Would you then arrest all doctors?
FRANÇOIS: Yet this preparation is clearly intended to be swallowed.

DOCTOR: Your Majesty must also be aware that there are some substances which can do harm if a great quantity is taken, but not if a small amount is taken. In fact, some of these things can do good in small quantities, and this is one of them. Evelyn here has been suffering a great deal from headaches recently.
QUEEN: Then I truly sympathise. Not scarcely a day goes by when my head does not cause me pain. Indeed, I ache all over often. If I were not the Regent of England, I swear I would be moved to tears.
DOCTOR: But this substance can cure such aches and pains, your Majesty. That is why she carries it.
FRANÇOIS: Lies. All lies. There is no such substance. Let her then eat these pills herself.
EVELYN: I've no objection to doing that at all. My head's killing me.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: And here's Lady Sarah with the refreshments.
SARAH: Doctor.
DOCTOR: A glass of cold beer for my friend here, please. Don't worry, the alcohol content's negligible.
(Rattle of pill bottle.)
EVELYN: There, satisfied?
FRANÇOIS: It was a trick.
DOCTOR: Oh, give up, please. These pills are a perfectly safe preparation, as long as you take them in small doses. And it is my firm medical opinion that it would do the Queen a world of good to take some herself.
FRANÇOIS: Surely you are not serious?
DOCTOR: Perfectly. Your Majesty?
QUEEN: I have your word in front of these witnesses that they will do neither my child nor myself any harm?
DOCTOR: Not the least in the world.
QUEEN: Then I shall.
FRANÇOIS: Your Majesty!
DOCTOR: Lady Sarah, a glass for the Queen, if you please.

THOMAS: Don't look so glum, George Crow. Mistress Evelyn should be in the Tower by now, and with any luck, her friend the Doctor too.
CROW: I'm surprised she were a traitor, though. Not that I'm as trusting as young William Leaf, but she seemed all right, for all her funny ways.
THOMAS: We must be ever vigilant to spot those whom Satan places amongst us.
CROW: Yeah.
THOMAS: The task will be easier when the Queen has fallen. I must leave again shortly, to further our plans.

(Knock on door. Door opens.)
THOMAS: Monsieur de Noailles, how went it at court?
FRANÇOIS: You, Reverend, are an imbecile and worse.
(Door closes.)
FRANÇOIS: You have made me look a fool in front of the Queen.
THOMAS: I don't understand.
FRANÇOIS: That was no poison she carried. In fact, the Queen herself has now taken some of it, and when I left was declaring herself to feel in the extremes of health.
THOMAS: But she said it could kill.
FRANÇOIS: Things may kill and yet not be poison. I have had that made quite clear to me.
THOMAS: Has she then told the Queen of us? Must we fly?
FRANÇOIS: No. No, she has not. She mentioned *your* name.
THOMAS: No!
FRANÇOIS: Do not worry. I don't think the Queen took any notice. But I do not want you to come here again until afterwards. We can no longer wait. We must bring our plans forward.
THOMAS: But they are not complete. Stay. Something the woman Evelyn said to me.
FRANÇOIS: Yes?
THOMAS: I think I have a better plan. The results will be more complete.
FRANÇOIS: Then go, arrange it now. I want it to happen today.

(Outdoors.)
LEAF: You was in there a fair time, Mistress Evelyn.
EVELYN: Chatting to her Majesty, William.
LEAF: Rather you than me.
EVELYN: I can't say I was hugely impressed.
LEAF: They've not taken your friend to the Tower, then?
EVELYN: No. In fact, at the moment, I expect the Queen's telling him how wonderful he is. I think he likes that sort of thing.

QUEEN: Doctor, how can I ever thank you? I've not felt like this for such a very long time. Oh, it's almost like being young again. The aches, pains, have all fled my body. I hope your companion is feeling similarly relieved.
DOCTOR: I'm sure she is, your Majesty. Thank you.
QUEEN: Truly you have been sent by God to help me. I must reward you.
DOCTOR: Oh, I desire nothing, your Majesty.
QUEEN: No, you must let me. I'm full of such joy. Joy as I have not known since my marriage. Ah, I have it.
DOCTOR: Your Majesty?
QUEEN: My marriage was truly the greatest thing to happen to me in this life. And the love a man and woman feel for each other, there is no greater thing. Doctor, I will arrange a wife for you.
DOCTOR: Huh? Oh, that, that, that's very kind of your Majesty
QUEEN: You are not married already?
DOCTOR: Well, no
QUEEN: Then it is settled. Now I must decide on a suitable bride. I have noticed that Sarah smiles on you favourably, and she is a dear child.
DOCTOR: Well, yes, I'm sure she is.
QUEEN: Excellent! Now, Doctor, you must leave me. I have many arrangements to make. But will you dine with me this evening?
DOCTOR: I would be delighted to.
QUEEN: You and your friend Evelyn. And Sarah, too. Farewell until then, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Your Majesty.
(Footsteps.)
QUEEN: Sarah? Sarah? Where has that girl gone? Guard!
GUARD: Your Majesty?
QUEEN: I want to know who this Reverend Thomas is that the woman Evelyn mentioned. Find out everything you can about this man, and any acquaintances of his. Find out what Evelyn Smythe's connection with him is.

EVELYN: Doctor, there you are. How's the Queen feeling?
DOCTOR: Oh, very well, thank you.
EVELYN: This is my friend, William Leaf.
DOCTOR: Mister Leaf.
LEAF: Doctor.
EVELYN: What's up with you? I thought you'd be all smiles at being the Queen's golden boy.
DOCTOR: Pah, that woman. You won't believe what she's decided to do.
LEAF: Nothing would surprise me, Doctor. The sooner Elizabeth's on the throne, the better, and that'll be soon enough.
DOCTOR: Oh, really? I suppose you have some sort of plan, do you? I noticed you getting a bit het up when de Noailles mentioned a plot in there, Evelyn. What exactly have you been up to, huh?
EVELYN: Well, William and his friends here are planning an uprising against the Queen. I told them we could help.
DOCTOR: Did you indeed? I suppose you gave them a few handy tips as well.
EVELYN: Oh, I might have done. As I knew perfectly well there was no uprising this winter, I couldn't see what harm it could do.
DOCTOR: Couldn't see what harm it could do? This could be the very nexus point at which history is changed!
EVELYN: I was trying to save my own neck!
DOCTOR: And in the process, you may have risked your life and and that of all your ancestors. Oh! You must tell me everything you have done and said since you arrived here. Everything.

EVELYN: I didn't take notes.
DOCTOR: Well, start thinking. The Queen could be killed because of this.
LEAF: Doctor, one thing I know. Killing the Queen ain't part of the plan. They discussed it, it's true, but the Reverend said he'll have no hand in killing a pregnant woman.
EVELYN: Oh, my goodness.
DOCTOR: What is it?
EVELYN: Well, I told him the Queen *wasn't* pregnant.
LEAF: What?
DOCTOR: Did he believe you?
EVELYN: I think so. I was quite insistent about it. What have I done?
DOCTOR: We have to warn the Queen. She could be in grave danger.

THOMAS: Yes, yes, I understand your worries, I do, but you must stay true. You see, it's to be today. I've despatched my messengers. Take this. A few drops will suffice. Now
GUARD [OC]: He came down here.
THOMAS: Quickly, run. We mustn't be seen together. And remember, our lives are in your hands.

CROW: Leaf! Leaf!
LEAF: What is it?
CROW: I've got to speak with you. Alone.
LEAF: We're on important business, George Crow. I never thought I'd say this, but, we've got to save the Queen's life.
CROW: That's what I've come to talk to you about. Oh, I dunno. Running messages for the rebellion, getting us Protestants a fair go, that's one thing. But killing the Queen? I don't know as I want to be in on that.
DOCTOR: If you know what this priest's plan is, tell us, man.
CROW: As God's my witness, I don't know it. But it's to be today. He just said.
DOCTOR: He can't organise an uprising in a day. It must be a more private plan.
EVELYN: It's not as if anyone's going to hand the Queen a bomb, is it?
DOCTOR: Your species has invented numerous ingenious methods of assassination, Evelyn. A bomb is not necessarily required.
EVELYN: What I meant was, he can't just walk in and kill the Queen. He'd never get near her.
LEAF: We know as how the Reverend knows someone at Court. That'll be how he's planning to get to her, through someone already there.
EVELYN: de Noailles, obviously. He knew all about my painkillers. And I'm sure I remember reading about him being involved in some plot or other.
DOCTOR: Really? Well, he's probably involved, then. Yes, makes sense. But I need to know what their exact plan is.

(Banging on door.)
FRANÇOIS: Who is it?
THOMAS [OC]: It's me, Thomas. Let me in quickly!
FRANÇOIS: I told you not to come here.
THOMAS [OC]: Let me in! They're after me!
(Door opens.)
FRANÇOIS: Who is it that is after you?
(Footsteps, door closes.)
THOMAS: The Queen's men, armed men. They seek to arrest me, I know it.
FRANÇOIS: And you have led them here, after all I have told you? You imbecile!
THOMAS: No, I think I lost them, but you have to hide me, François.
FRANÇOIS: Harbour an enemy of her Majesty? I think not.
THOMAS: But our plan. It's on the brink of success.
FRANÇOIS: And if it succeeds, that is all well and good. But if it does not, I cannot afford to have my position compromised. I am a servant of France. My aim is solely to ensure that England does not join Spain in the war against my country, or further, to put a ruler on the throne such as Lady Elizabeth, who will favour my people.
THOMAS: But if they capture me before our plan is complete, what of myself and my Protestant brothers?
FRANÇOIS: Ha! You think I care for either? When you could help my cause, I would help you. But if

you are now suspected, Reverend, you can help me no longer.
THOMAS: No! You have to help me.
FRANÇOIS: I am sorry, Reverend, but I cannot allow the lives of a few men to stand in the way of my country, or myself.
THOMAS: If they arrest me, what's to stop me telling them that you were plotting against the Queen too?
FRANÇOIS: It would not save you. And besides, you could not prove it. I am a Catholic. How could I possibly be involved with a plot with heretics? My brother is the French ambassador and a man of some importance. They will not harm me. *I* have nothing to fear. But *you* would be slandering a Catholic bishop, and that the Queen would not like. You may find your fate to be a worse one if you attempt to involve me.
THOMAS: But if they were to find me here
FRANÇOIS: They will not find you here because you are leaving. Now. If your plan succeeds and you evade capture, I may see you again. But considering your incompetence so far, I somehow doubt it.
THOMAS: I should never have trusted you, you, you Catholic!
FRANÇOIS: Get out of my sight now!

EVELYN: Anyway, Doctor, what was it that the Queen said that upset you? I thought you'd conquered her with your bedside manner. She seemed happy enough with you when I left.
DOCTOR: Oh, she was. So happy with me in fact that she has decided to give me a gift.
EVELYN: What's so bad about that?
DOCTOR: The particular gift she has in mind is a wife.
EVELYN: (laughs) Goodness me. Anyone we know?
DOCTOR: Her lady in waiting, Sarah.
CROW: Oh, but you've a fine prize there, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh?
CROW: All of London knows that Sarah Whiteside is a pretty young thing.
DOCTOR: I don't care how pretty she is. I am not going to marry her.
EVELYN: Hold on a minute. Did you say Whiteside, George?
CROW: Sarah Whiteside's her name right enough.
EVELYN: Well, don't you see what this means, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'm sure it doesn't mean anything at all.
EVELYN: Oh yes it does. Lady Sarah Whiteside, Doctor John Smith. And what could be more natural than to name a son after his father. John Whiteside-Smith. This marriage *does* take place, Doctor. You're my ancestor!
DOCTOR: Oh, that is quite ridiculous.
EVELYN: It's too much of a coincidence. Oh, now I've heard everything. You're my great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather. When I get home
DOCTOR: Evelyn, if this ridiculous theory *were* true, you wouldn't be going anywhere.
EVELYN: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: Have you forgotten your family history? John Whiteside-Smith's father was executed by Queen Mary.

[Part Four]

GUARD: Doctor John Smith?
DOCTOR: Yes?
GUARD: You are under arrest for heresy.
DOCTOR: I'm what?
GUARD: You have wittingly disobeyed the Queen's instructions with regard to the practice of worship.
DOCTOR: Poppycock.
GUARD: We have the testimony of Thomas Smith, a known Protestant priest, who was arrested a short while ago. He has named you as his co-conspirator in a wilful plot to deny the one true religion.
DOCTOR: Well, who's Thomas Smith? I've never met the man.
EVELYN: He must mean the Reverend Thomas. Everyone's a Smith round here.
DOCTOR: Well, it is the most common name in this country. That's why I chose it.
GUARD: Neighbours report a man and woman of your companion's description leaving his house this morning.
DOCTOR: But you can't arrest a man for talking to people who may have been leaving someone

else's house. Oh, this is all nonsense.
GUARD: Do you deny that you have never attended Mass in this parish?
DOCTOR: No, I don't deny that.
GUARD: Yet it is the Queen's express wish that all should attend.
DOCTOR: But I've only just arrived in the parish.
GUARD: Then perhaps you could give me the name of the priest in the parish where you usually hear Mass.
DOCTOR: This is ridiculous. Look, we have to see the Queen. It's urgent.
GUARD: You're not going to see anyone. You're all coming with us.
DOCTOR: To where?
GUARD: To the Tower.
DOCTOR: The Tower?
LEAF: No! Mistress Evelyn.
EVELYN: It'll be all right, William, I promise.
DOCTOR: You can't keep us in the Tower.
GUARD: Don't worry, you won't be there long.
DOCTOR: Well, good.
GUARD: Yes, under the new law, heretics will be burnt at the stake.
DOCTOR: You have to listen to me. You can't burn me at the stake. I know about a plot to kill the Queen.
GUARD: You know about a plot to kill the Queen?
DOCTOR: Yes.
GUARD: If you're telling the truth
DOCTOR: Which I always do.
GUARD: Then you're right, we won't burn you at the stake.
DOCTOR: Good.
GUARD: You're likely to be beheaded instead.
DOCTOR: What?

(Raven caws.)
EVELYN: The Tower of London. The actual Tower of London. I've been here before, of course, but it wasn't quite the same. More glass display cases last time I was here, you know. And tour guides getting under your feet all the time, and trying to move you on when you're trying to examine something properly so a load of historically ignorant tourists can make jokes about the size of the King's balls.
DOCTOR: Well, I hope you're enjoying this tourist preview. Feel free to examine whatever you like. These stone walls, for example. Those chairs. Or this locked door. Or. No. No, I think you'll find that's everything. You know, last time I was here was when I was visiting Lady Jane Grey. Hmm. Maybe I'd better not mention that to Queen Mary. She might not be too impressed.
EVELYN: No, I wouldn't have thought so. And we wouldn't want to upset the Queen, would we? She might have us thrown in the Tower.
DOCTOR: We have to find a way of warning the Queen that her life may be in danger.
EVELYN: Yes, after all she's done for us.
DOCTOR: You, Doctor Smythe, have to learn the responsibility of time travel. Mary shouldn't die until November 1558. It is now January 1555. If she's killed now, history will be changed, and you will cease to exist, so we have to save her life.
EVELYN: Well, there's only one thing to do then, isn't there?
DOCTOR: And what would that be?
EVELYN: Well, escape, of course.
DOCTOR: Ah, thank you, Doctor Smythe. I should never have thought of that. Oh, the Queen's as good as saved.
EVELYN: No need to be sarcastic. We just have to think of a plan, that's all. We could pick the lock.
DOCTOR: And you can do that, can you?
EVELYN: Yes, actually.
DOCTOR: Really?
EVELYN: Found it very handy over the years.. Student parties, you know. They go on to all hours and the porters do hate being called out in the middle of the night when you've forgotten your keys. All it needs is a hairpin.
DOCTOR: And you happen to have such a thing on you?
EVELYN: As a matter of fact, I do. Lucky they didn't confiscate my bag, really.

DOCTOR: I see. You are, without a doubt, one of the most well-prepared and useful companions with whom I have ever travelled.
EVELYN: Thank you.
DOCTOR: It's just a shame that the door is held in place by a staple and toggle on the outside. Excellent though your skills may be, you can't pick a metal rod.
EVELYN: Ah. No. Well, perhaps there's a secret passage?
DOCTOR: In all your years of studying this period, did you ever hear of anyone escaping from the Tower of London through a secret passage?
EVELYN: Well, no.
DOCTOR: I admit that isn't conclusive proof as to non-existence of such an exit, but it is a fairly strong indication.
EVELYN: Well, you think of something, then.
DOCTOR: Well, if you give me a moment's peace, instead of wittering on about hair pins and secret passages, I fully intend to.
EVELYN: I could pretend to be ill, and then when a guard comes along, you hit him over the head with that chair
DOCTOR: (sighs) Violence is never the answer. Brains above brawn every time, that's how I do things.
EVELYN: But you're not doing anything. The Queen could be dead. If I didn't have your gizmo, I might have vanished completely by now.
DOCTOR: Actually, if history had changed that much, I'm not sure if my gizmo would be strong enough to protect you.
EVELYN: Oh, wonderful.
DOCTOR: It means the Queen is probably still alive, that we still have a chance.
EVELYN: Hmm. I can't tell you how worried I was when I vanished before. I thought I'd gone for good. If it wasn't for the Reverend Thomas bringing my bag back.
DOCTOR: Yes. I suppose you should be very grateful they were trying to set you up, this Thomas and de Noailles.
EVELYN: Oh yes, very grateful.
DOCTOR: The point is, they didn't succeed. And this is a much better situation than if we'd been arrested then.
EVELYN: How? We're locked in a small, smelly cell in the Tower of London.
DOCTOR: But if the Queen had believed you were trying to poison her, that would be it. She is the ultimate law. We'd be in the Tower still, and on her wishes, where as things stand now, she may not even know we're here. And the evidence is flimsy at best. If we can see her, if we can save her life, she will undoubtedly let us go.
EVELYN: Let me get this straight. If we can get out of the Tower to see the Queen, the Queen will let us out of the Tower.
DOCTOR: Yes.
EVELYN: Huh.
DOCTOR: If we could work out what their plan is, that would help.
EVELYN: So you don't think they're really planning to just walk in with a bomb, then.
DOCTOR: No. It'll be more subtle than that. Tell me about this Thomas Smith.
EVELYN: Didn't like him. Too good looking. Tall, blond, blue eyed. Thinks a lot of himself, I'd say. But I think he's genuinely devoted to the Protestant cause.
DOCTOR: Oh, he must be. To keep with his faith and risk execution? To go so far as to plot against the Queen?
EVELYN: But how?
DOCTOR: (sighs) I wouldn't be surprised if they're intending to use poison, you know. It's the traditional method of courtly assassinations, and their minds obviously turn that way. Look how they jumped to the conclusion about your painkillers. That may even have given them the idea.
EVELYN: Oh dear.
DOCTOR: If we could just work out how they intend to administer it
EVELYN: We could save the Queen's life.
DOCTOR: It's a chance.
EVELYN: Won't they just say we must be part of the plot if we know the details?
DOCTOR: My dear Evelyn, you obviously haven't heard how persuasive I can be.
EVELYN: No, you're right, I haven't.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Now, poison. Ingested, I would think. Contact poison is very rare.
EVELYN: But it won't be in her food or drink. She has tasters.

DOCTOR: True.
EVELYN: Unless she has a glass of water by her bed. I always keep one there in case I wake up in the night a bit parched.
DOCTOR: You forget, they don't drink the water here. Anyway, there'd be no guarantee that one of the ladies in waiting who share her bed wouldn't drink any night time beverage instead. So not them. What else might the Queen do?
EVELYN: According to William and George, she does nothing but go to Mass.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, William and George are understandably biased on the religious front. But that could be it. She goes to Mass
EVELYN: And takes the sacraments.
DOCTOR: If something could be slipped into the bread or wine.
EVELYN: Oh yes, that's it. We've got to tell someone.
DOCTOR: We could be too late.
EVELYN: Not if we hurry. How far is it to the Palace, do you think?
DOCTOR: About two miles. We might have to jog.
EVELYN: With my knees?
DOCTOR: Knees? Funny, it's usually ankles which are the problem. Well, can you ride a horse?
EVELYN: No.
DOCTOR: Do you get sea sick?
EVELYN: We're nowhere near the sea.
DOCTOR: Well, river sick, then.
EVELYN: Ah, the Thames.
DOCTOR: The Thames indeed. So that's our mode of transport sorted out. Now, we just have to talk our way out of here. Warder! Hey, Warder!
WARDER [OC]: What is it?
DOCTOR: I have important information that could save the Queen's life.
WARDER [OC]: Oh yes?
DOCTOR: I need to get out of here to warn her.
WARDER [OC]: Really. You'd like me to just let you out so you can go and see the Queen.
DOCTOR: Yes.
WARDER [OC]: You must be joking.
(Evelyn groans.)
DOCTOR: Evelyn? Oh no, it's happened!
WARDER [OC]: What's going on?
DOCTOR: She's disappearing from history! I've failed.
(Evelyn groans, the door is unlocked.)
WARDER: What's the matter with her?
DOCTOR: Nothing you can help with.
WARDER: Let me see.
EVELYN: Now, Doctor, the chair.
DOCTOR: What? Oh.
(Crash.)
DOCTOR: Oh, sorry about that. I really thought you were ill.
EVELYN: I could have gone to RADA, you know. Still, violence is never the answer, eh?
DOCTOR: Quite right. It isn't.
EVELYN: I'm sorry. He'll be fine, I'm sure.
DOCTOR: Well, I hope so. Saving one life at the expense of others, it's hard to justify that, however worthy the cause.
EVELYN: Come on, Doctor. We've got a barge to catch.

FRANÇOIS: Your Majesty.
QUEEN: Monsieur de Noailles. I believe I owe you an apology.
FRANÇOIS: Your Majesty, never. That your friend, Monsieur le Docteur, should be a traitor after all, and a heretic? Believe me, the knowledge gives me no pleasure. I will pray for his soul.
QUEEN: As will I. I am just leaving to attend Mass. You will accompany me?
FRANÇOIS: With the greatest of pleasure, your Majesty.

DOCTOR: There we are, the Palace of Whitehall.
EVELYN: Let's hope we're not too late.

DOCTOR: Let me help you up.
EVELYN: I'm perfectly capable of standing on my own, thank you.
DOCTOR: And are you perfectly capable of jumping to the bank?
EVELYN: Just watch me.
(Slap of shoes in mud.)
DOCTOR: Hmm. A trifle inelegant, if you don't mind me saying so. The best way to do it is to
(Big splash!)
EVELYN: Okay. I'll remember that in future. Much more elegant. Incidentally, do you know how polluted the Thames is at this point in history?
DOCTOR: Would it me too much to ask for a hand instead of a history lecture?
EVELYN: Oh, all right then.
(The Doctor squelches out of the river.)
EVELYN: I'm afraid I didn't pack a towel. Perhaps you could shake yourself out like a dog.
DOCTOR: Hmm. I prefer to drip-dry, thank you.
EVELYN: You'll catch your death.
DOCTOR: Well, let's get into the warm as quickly as possible, shall we? Come on, to the Palace.

EVELYN: There, the Chapel. And there's that lady in waiting.
DOCTOR: Lady Sarah? Lady Sarah.
SARAH: Doctor, Evelyn. But I thought you were
EVELYN: In the Tower? We were, and I don't recommend it.
DOCTOR: Quickly, Sarah. Has the Queen gone to Mass?
SARAH: Yes.
EVELYN: What about de Noailles?
SARAH: He attended with her.
EVELYN: We're too late.
DOCTOR: Not necessarily. If they've not yet administered the sacraments
EVELYN: We've got to warn her.
SARAH: You cannot disturb the Queen during Mass.
DOCTOR: It's a matter of life and death!
SARAH: It will be *your* life and death. To disturb the Queen at a holy time? Why, you would be excommunicated.
DOCTOR: Nevertheless. No, wait.
EVELYN: What is it? Come on, my life is at stake here.
DOCTOR: No, no, I don't think it is. Lady Sarah, remind me of what you just said.
SARAH: I said that if you were to disturb the Queen at a holy time
DOCTOR: Exactly.
EVELYN: What?
DOCTOR: Thomas Smith is a priest. As a Protestant, he might not believe in transubstantiation or celebrate Mass, but he considers himself to be a man of God. François de Noailles is a bishop. Whatever their differences with the Queen, would they poison the sacraments?
SARAH: (gasps) Poison?
DOCTOR: Yes. Poison, Lady Sarah.
(Door opens.)
QUEEN: Doctor!
FRANÇOIS: The traitor. He must be arrested.
QUEEN: Sarah! What are you doing with these people?
DOCTOR: Don't blame Lady Sarah, your Majesty. She. Oh! Of course.
EVELYN: What is it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Lady Sarah Whiteside.
SARAH: Yes?
DOCTOR: And the Reverend Thomas
EVELYN: Smith! Whiteside-Smith.
DOCTOR: When you were talking to me of the marriage of clergymen, there's a reason you feel so strongly about it, isn't there, Lady Sarah?
FRANÇOIS: This man must be arrested now.
QUEEN: Wait! I wish to hear what he has to say. Sarah?
SARAH: (crying) Oh, your Majesty.
DOCTOR: You're married to Thomas Smith, aren't you, Lady Sarah? The English blue-eyes blond Thomas Smith.

QUEEN: Sarah, is this true?
SARAH: Yes.
QUEEN: I cannot believe this.
SARAH: My family had arranged it during the reign of the old King, your Majesty, when I was but a child. As a youngest son we knew Thomas would go into the Church, but it seemed a good match. Then your Majesty announced your brother's laws were to be repealed, after I had come to Court. But Thomas insisted we still wed, but in secret. Truly, your Majesty, at the time it wed it was still lawful.
QUEEN: It was never lawful in the eyes of God.
SARAH: Your Majesty.
QUEEN: May we be forgiven for allowing a heretic such as you to share my bed, Sarah.
DOCTOR: Of course, the glass.
EVELYN: The glass of water at night. You were the one who was to poison the Queen, Sarah. Not de Noailles.
FRANÇOIS: I? Poison the Queen? Never.
SARAH: No. Nor would I do such a thing.
DOCTOR: But Thomas gave you something to give the Queen tonight, didn't he?
SARAH: I swear by all that is holy, I did not know it to be poison. He said it was a potion that would save him and his Church from persecution. I was to feed her Majesty a few drops as she slept, and her dreams would then show her the error of her ways.
QUEEN: You wicked girl. How dare you. This proves to me that I have been lenient on the ungodly Protestants for too long. You will burn for this, Sarah, and may God have mercy on your soul.
SARAH: No, your Majesty, no.
EVELYN: But you can't burn her. I'll die.
DOCTOR: Your Majesty, please listen to me.
QUEEN: Listen to you, Doctor, who have been working with this ungodly wench and her wicked lover all along?
SARAH: No, your Majesty. I swear on everything that I hold dear that the Doctor knew nothing of this. Indeed, my husband told me earlier he knew of the Doctor and feared him as one so loyal to you.
QUEEN: I do not trust your oath, but your words agree with the feelings of my own heart. Doctor, you may speak.
DOCTOR: Thank you. Your Majesty, I know how much you love and honour your husband. This girl had promised in law to obey the man she thought of as her husband.
QUEEN: It was a false law.
DOCTOR: But when she believed it to be lawful, she had grown to love and honour this man. She felt she must still obey him. And she believed she was acting to save his life and his honour.
SARAH: Your Majesty, it is true. My acts were never against you, only for Thomas.
QUEEN: Yet these acts were treason.
SARAH: I did not realise. I would never have harmed your Majesty.
QUEEN: It's no excuse. I will hear no more. Where are my men?
DOCTOR: Wait! Please, your Majesty. There is one more thing you must know. Lady Sarah, you're pregnant, aren't you?
EVELYN: With my great-great-grandfather.
QUEEN: You are with child?
SARAH: Yes, your Majesty. Oh, your Majesty, I beg you, spare the life of my baby.
DOCTOR: I don't believe the Queen could kill a child.
QUEEN: Your life is spared, Sarah, but only for the sake of the child growing inside me that I could not destroy another, bastard or no.
SARAH: And my husband?
QUEEN: You have received a favour you do not deserve in your own life. You dare to ask me to grant more than that?
SARAH: No.
QUEEN: As for you, you will be taken to prison at once.
DOCTOR: Your Majesty, may I make a suggestion?
QUEEN: Well, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Your sister, the Lady Elizabeth, is under house arrest. Let Lady Sarah join her in her imprisonment. She can attend her there.
QUEEN: Very well.
DOCTOR: And I'm sure Monsieur de Noailles will be happy to arrange the matter for you. I believe he is well acquainted with the Lady Elizabeth's position.
FRANÇOIS: Ah. Of course. If your Majesty desires it.

QUEEN: See to it. Now go, all of you. I have no mind to think on these events further.
FRANÇOIS: Your Majesty. Come with me, girl.
SARAH: My son shall be named after you, good Doctor.
DOCTOR: Your Majesty.
QUEEN: Go, Doctor. Even you.
DOCTOR: Come on, Evelyn.
(Footsteps recede.)
QUEEN: Guard!
GUARD: Your Majesty.
QUEEN: I want to see Thomas Smith. Now.

(Street.)
EVELYN: We just saved her life! Nothing like gratitude, is there?
DOCTOR: She's scared, Evelyn. Someone close to her nearly succeeded in killing her. She's going to be terrified of plots for the rest of her life. She can't trust anyone. Her husband has no interest in her, and she's pinning all her hope on a baby that I think she knows deep down she doesn't have. Under the circumstances, I'm prepared to forgive her for being a bit brusque.
EVELYN: I suppose you're right. Well, I have to say I'm surprised it wasn't de Noailles who was doing the poisoning. But then I suppose that would have mucked up history too. He becomes the French Ambassador later on, you know.
DOCTOR: Really? Well, history's back on its right lines now. You and your ancestors, you'll all be fine.
EVELYN: Sure?
DOCTOR: Well, it all fits in with your history books, doesn't it? Mother attending Elizabeth in captivity, father executed by Queen Mary.
EVELYN: Burnt to death. What a horrific way to go, even if he was extremely objectionable.
DOCTOR: Hmm. And John Whiteside-Smith just waiting to be born.
EVELYN: And to become Elizabeth's advisor.
DOCTOR: Yes. Now you come to mention it, I do seem to have some vague memories of some John chap at Elizabeth's Court. Funny that.
(Zip sound.)
EVELYN: Well, there's only one way to find out if it's all sorted.
DOCTOR: Hmm?
EVELYN: Switch this off. Your gizmo thing.
DOCTOR: Very well.
(Powers down.)
EVELYN: Ah. Fine. Absolutely fine. Not a twinge.
DOCTOR: Good. Well, I think that proves you're safe now.
EVELYN: I might be safe, but what about everyone else?
DOCTOR: I'm sorry?
EVELYN: William Leaf and George Crow. They'll be executed, won't they.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid so.
EVELYN: George Crow's got a wife and family. William Leaf, he's just a child, Doctor, and with such a sweet smile. He reminded me of one of my students. I promised him he'd be all right. They're good men. They don't deserve to die.
DOCTOR: I know. But if it's part of history
EVELYN: It isn't!
DOCTOR: You don't know that.
EVELYN: Yes, I do. I'm getting a headache again. History isn't quite back on the right track yet, I'm sure of it. Ah! We have to save them. (groans)
DOCTOR: All right, all right, we'll go.
EVELYN: But how are we going to get back into the Tower? The Warder won't fall for the same trick twice. Actually, how are we going to get to the Tower at all? Can you face the river again?
DOCTOR: Why worry about water when you've got a Time and Space machine just down the road?
EVELYN: I'd rather jog back and risk my knees.
DOCTOR: Nonsense. I'm extremely good at short hops. Come on.

GUARD: Thomas Smith, your Majesty.
QUEEN: The traitor.
THOMAS: (frightened) Your Majesty, forgive me.

QUEEN: You ask me for mercy now your life is forfeit? When you have plotted against me, corrupted my lady in waiting for your ungodly pleasures, practised heresy?
THOMAS: Your Majesty, I swear my allegiance to you. From now on I will be your most loyal subject.
QUEEN: It will not save you! You are guilty of treason. You plotted against my life!
THOMAS: I was misguided, your Majesty. Spare me. See, already I have proved my loyalty. I gave information on those who plotted against you.
QUEEN: The Doctor?
THOMAS: Yes.
QUEEN: The Doctor was no traitor.
THOMAS: But. Your Majesty, if there is anything I can do.
QUEEN: You would save others from your fate?
THOMAS: Yes.
QUEEN: Then there is something you can do.
THOMAS: Anything.
QUEEN: Before you die, you will recant. You will tell the other followers of your heretical teachings that they are wrong, that their way leads only to suffering. That if they embrace the true religion, they will be saved. Well? You will be saving their souls!
THOMAS: No.
QUEEN: What?
THOMAS: I will not do it. It is not your religion that is true, it is mine. You are the heretic, not me, not Leaf or Crow or any Protestant. I may burn, but the Lord will take me to his side, and I will not lead any man from the path of righteousness!
QUEEN: How dare you! Get him out of my sight! You will burn for this!
GUARD: Come on.
(Footsteps recede.)
THOMAS: May God have mercy on your soul.

(Raven caws.)
LEAF: They say we'll go to hell, George Crow.
CROW: What do they know? It's the Queen and her like that'll be for any eternal suffering that's going, William Leaf.
LEAF: Crow, why didn't God send an angel to save us, like he did with Daniel in the lion's den?
CROW: We ain't here to question God's ways, William Leaf. Reckon he wants to meet us close to, tell us what a good job we've been doing. Reckon we'll be what they call martyrs.
LEAF: What's that, then?
CROW: Well, that's when people look at us and say, they could have been Catholic, like what the Queen said, but they got burnt instead. That Protestant stuff must be really good stuff if people be burnt for it, they'll say.
LEAF: Don't fool yourself, George Crow. They won't say that. They'll come to watch us burn, then they'll go home and think no more of it, 'sept to wonder when they'll next get a day out like that. I know I would. And anyway, Crow, I don't want to be a martyr. I don't want to die.
(Leaf cries as the Tardis materialises.)
CROW: God save us. What is wrong with us, Leaf? The hounds of Hell are coming for us.
(Tardis door opens.)
LEAF: Mistress Evelyn!
EVELYN: Oh, you poor boy. Come here.
LEAF: Then you're killed already.
EVELYN: What do you mean?
LEAF: You must have died, and God sent your soul back to Earth to take us to Heaven when we're killed too.
EVELYN: No, that's not it. I'm still very much alive.
CROW: You're not an angel, then?
DOCTOR: An angel in a cardigan? Well, I've seen stranger things.
CROW: Doctor? What are you doing here?
DOCTOR: Well, if you'll excuse the expression, we've come to take you away from all this.
CROW: I don't understand.
EVELYN: I don't either, really. Don't worry about it.
LEAF: It's more witchcraft, then?
EVELYN: I told you, William, that there's no such thing. We've come to rescue you, that's all.
CROW: We're not to be martyrs?

EVELYN: There'll be martyrs enough in England, George, though I'd happily save all of them.
DOCTOR: You know that's not possible, Evelyn.
EVELYN: I know. I'll make do with these two.
LEAF: We're really not going to die?
DOCTOR: No. No, you're not.
LEAF: But the Queen
DOCTOR: I was thinking of one of the free Protestant cities. Geneva, perhaps, or Frankfurt?
CROW: We can't afford to go there.
DOCTOR: You just leave it all to me.
CROW: But it'll be all foreign.
DOCTOR: A lot of Protestant exiles ended up there, I believe.
CROW: Well, I reckon that'd be all right, then. Come on, William Leaf. Pull yourself together.
EVELYN: Leave him be, George. Boys can cry too, you know.
LEAF: I weren't crying.
EVELYN: It doesn't matter. Come on, the Doctor's going to take you somewhere safe.
CROW: Away from England?
DOCTOR: Oh, you'll be able to return in a few year's time.
CROW: How'd you know?
DOCTOR: We just arrived in a box that appeared out of thin air. You saw that with your own eyes. Let's assume we know what's going to happen. You can call it magic, if it helps.
EVELYN: But not witchcraft.
CROW: All right, then. What does happen?
EVELYN: Can we tell them?
DOCTOR: Under the circumstances, yes, I think so.
EVELYN: Well, Mary *isn't* pregnant. You know that already. And she never will be, although she'll think she is a few more times right up to her death.
CROW: She's gonna die? Soon?
DOCTOR: November 1558. Then Elizabeth becomes Queen, and within a few months everything's changed. The Spanish alliance, the restoration of Catholicism, gone for good.
LEAF: Praise the Lord for that!
EVELYN: And if you decide to come back to England then, well, in about twenty years time, look up a chap called John Whiteside-Smith.
DOCTOR: I think it's time we were going, Evelyn. Before the warders come round? Come on, into the Tardis, everyone.
CROW: The Tardis? What about my family?
DOCTOR: I don't think we can
EVELYN: Oh, please, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh, very well. We'll pick them up on our way.
EVELYN: Come on, William. It's going to be a bit of a shock for you, I expect, but don't let it worry you. I didn't. And try to forget about England, and Mary.

FRANÇOIS: Your Majesty, if I might just
QUEEN: Get out! I will see nobody! Stay. Are you with the Doctor? Has he returned to see me?
FRANÇOIS: No, your Majesty. Monsieur le Docteur has left.
QUEEN: Then leave me!
FRANÇOIS: But I was wondering if I might
QUEEN: Go!
FRANÇOIS: Your Majesty.
(Footsteps recede. Door opens and closes.)
QUEEN: Oh, Doctor, what is to become of me? Am I truly doing the right thing? If it wasn't for my child. Oh Lord, thank you for giving me this child.

(Tardis in flight.)
DOCTOR: There. They should be all right now. And your headache seems seems to have vanished finally.
EVELYN: Er, yes. It has.
DOCTOR: Hmm.
EVELYN: Anyway, no more Bloody Mary for them. They can come back when a *real* Queen is on the throne.

DOCTOR: Mary did a lot of good things in her reign, you know. She wasn't a bad person. She was kind and thoughtful towards those who knew her. She was just an idealist.
EVELYN: Oh, you're right. She was an idealist and a fanatic. And people like that are dangerous in power.
DOCTOR: I understood her.
EVELYN: She was willing to kill for her beliefs, and that's not good for a country, especially when other people are willing to die for theirs.
DOCTOR: They were willing to kill, too. Sometimes its unavoidable.
EVELYN: You've killed people for what you believe in?
DOCTOR: I've caused people to die. I don't know if that's the same thing. (sighs) I like to think it isn't.
EVELYN: I'd like to think that too, because if I didn't, I wouldn't want to travel with you any more.
DOCTOR: You wouldn't what? I think you'll find you're going straight back home.
EVELYN: Oh no, I'm not. I'm a historian. This is a Time machine. You can take me anywhere, and I'll still be home in time for tea. After all, I haven't even met Elizabeth yet.
DOCTOR: I'm surprised you're not sick of the Tudors by now.
EVELYN: Oh, no. But do you know what the worst part of that whole business was?
DOCTOR: Being threatened with imminent execution?
EVELYN: Finding out I'm descended from a pompous priest and a pathetic male-dependant wimp of a girl. Still
DOCTOR: At least it wasn't me? What that what you were going to say?
EVELYN: Oh, I never believed that for a second. I could never be related to someone with your dress sense.
DOCTOR: Oh, you're too kind.
EVELYN: Ah, nobody's perfect.
DOCTOR: Speak for yourself.
EVELYN: Huh. You can't even pilot this ship properly.
DOCTOR: I can take you anywhere in Space and Time.
EVELYN: Can you? That's a bargain, then.
DOCTOR: All right. Elizabeth's Court?
EVELYN: Not just yet. Let's stop off somewhere where they understand chocolate. After all that, I think we could do with a nice, relaxing cup of cocoa. Made with milk. Where do you suggest? Mexico?
DOCTOR: I'm not really sure.
EVELYN: And if I could get hold of some chocolate, I could make you one of my famous chocolate cakes, to say thank you, you know.
DOCTOR: (swallows hard) Well, I suppose a nice slice of cake wouldn't go amiss.
EVELYN: Excellent!
DOCTOR: I do hope I don't regret this.

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